662.

FERIÆ POETICÆ:

SIVE

CARMINA ANGLICANA

ELEGIACI PLERUMQUE ARGUMENTI

LATINE REDDITA

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NUPER SOCIO.

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AMATOR LAPPONICUS.

THE LAPLANDER'S SONG.

FROM THE SPECTATOR.

I.

THOU riſing ſun, whoſe gladſome ray
Invites my fair to rural play,
Diſpel the miſt, and clear the ſkies,
And bring my ORRA to my eyes.

II.

Oh! were I ſure my dear to view,
I'd climb the pine-tree's topmoſt bough;
Aloft in air that quivering plays,
And round and round for ever gaze.

III.

My ORRA MOOR where art thou laid?
What wood conceals my ſleeping maid?
Faſt by the roots enrag'd I'll tear
The trees that hide my promis'd fair.

AMATOR LAPPONICUS.

I.

TU, ſol, lætifico qui lumina ſpargis ab ortu,
Pulchellamque meam ad ludicra penſa vocas,
Pelle, precor, tenebras, et nubila diſcute cœlo,
Stetque oculis præſens ORRA videnda meis.

II.

Oh! poſſem ut certà charam ſpe cernere nympham
In ſummo pini vertice ſtare velim;
Mobilis ad ventum quà ramulus undique longa
Rura mihi æternùm proſpicienda daret.

III.

ORRA mea, O! quànam recubas pulcherrima in umbra?
Quæ te ſopitam frondea luſtra tegunt?
Quin nemus evellam potius radicitus omne
Quam nympham occultent invida luſtra meam.

IV.

Oh! could I ride the clouds and ſkies!
Or on the raven's pinions riſe!
Ye ſtorks, ye ſwans, a moment ſtay,
And waft a lover on his way.

V.

My bliſs too long my bride denies;
Apace the waſting ſummer flies;
Nor yet the wintry blaſts I fear;
Not ſtorms or night ſhall keep me here.

VI.

What may for ſtrength with ſteel compare?
Oh! love has fetters ſtronger far,
By bolts of ſteel are limbs confin'd,
But cruel love inchains the mind.

VII.

No longer then perplex thy breaſt!
When thoughts torment, the firſt are beſt.
'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to ſtay;
Away to ORRA, haſte away.

IV.

O! mihi ſi liceat fugitivum aſcendere nimbum!
O! mihi ſi corvi præpetis ala foret!
Siſtite vos, cygni; tu ſiſte, ciconia; veſtrúm
Saltem aliquis tardi geſtet amantis onus.

V.

Ah! nimium, virgo, nimium mea gaudia differs;
Æſtivi, en! properant ire, perire dies;
Sin pereant omnes, tenebræque et bruma recurſent,
Nec tenebræ injicient, nec mihi bruma moram.

VI.

Ecquid duritie ſolidûm pote vincere ferrum eſt?
Oh! amor effingit vincula dura magis!
Ferratæ captiva ligant modo membra catenæ;
Intima devincit pectora ſævus amor.

VII.

Cur vero, paſtor, triſti tot corde volutas?
Præſtat, ubi torquent omnia, prima ſequi.
Ire equidem inſani eſt; ſed mors eſt certa manenti;
Eja, ORRAM, demens, I, fuge, quære tuam.

The Laplander's Song to his Rain-Deer.

FROM THE SPECTATOR.

I.

HASTE, my rain-deer, and let us nimbly go
Our amorous journey thro' this dreary waſte;
Haſte my rain-deer! ſtill, ſtill, thou art too ſlow;
Impetuous love demands the lightning's haſte.

II.

Around us far the ruſhy moors are ſpread,
Soon will the ſun withdraw his chearful ray;]
Darkling, and tir'd we ſhall the marſhes tread;
No lay unſung to cheat the tedious way.

III.

The watry length of theſe unjoyous moors
Does all the meadows flowery pride excel:
Thro' theſe I fly to her my ſoul adores;
Ye flowery meadows, empty pride, farewel!

Amator Lapponicus, ad Cervum ſuum.

I.

I, Cerve, I, propera; rapiamur præpete curſu
Quà deſerta adeo per loca ducit iter:
I, cerve, I, propera; quin jam, jam, tarde, moraris;
Vincere præcipitans fulgura debet amor.

II.

Juncoſas latê porrectas ecce paludes,
En parat obliquo Phœbus abire polo!
Per ſtagna, in tenebris mox laſſi errabimus, ipſo
Poſt longam cantu deficiente viàm.

III.

At mihi tam juncoſa palus, tenebroſaque tellus
Præ toto culti ruris honore placent;
Per juncos, tenebraſque adamatam quæro puellam:
O valeat culti ruris inanis honos!

IV.

Each moment from the charmer I'm confin'd,
My breaſt is tortur'd with impatient fires;
Fly, my rain-deer, fly ſwifter than the wind,
Thy tardy feet wing with my fierce deſires.

V.

Our pleaſing toil will then be ſoon o'erpaid;
And thou, in wonder loſt, ſhalt view my fair;
Admire each feature of the lovely maid;
Her artleſs charms, her bloom, her ſprightly air.

VI.

But lo! with graceful motion there ſhe ſwims,
Gently removing each ambitious wave;
The crouding waves tranſported claſp her limbs;
When, when, O when ſhall I ſuch freedoms have!

VII.

In vain, ye envious ſtreams ſo faſt ye flow,
To hide her from a lover's ardent gaze,
From every touch ye more tranſparent grow,
And all reveal'd the beauteous wanton plays.

IV.

Quæ me cunque meà de virgine deſtinet hora
Uſque novo tepidum torret ab igne jecur:
I, cerve, I, propera, celeri velocius aurâ;
Alarumque inſtar ſit meus acer amor.

V.

Tum cito nos operæ magnà mercede fruemur:
Tum poteris nympham, cerve, videre meam:
Tum formam, indutoſque decus miraberis artus,
Atque os ingenuo molle pudore rubens.

VI.

Quin, quin intueor nympham! iſtis innatat undis,
Flumina lenè movens ambitioſa manu;
Ut gaudent niveum pertingere flumina corpus!
Quando, O! quando iſtud jus mihi virgo dabit!

VII.

Fruſtra, undæ, glomeratis, et ultrò tenditis illam
Tollere ab aſpectu, turba maligna, meo;
Invida, dum tangit, tactu clareſcit ab ipſo,
Et nympham certà luce revelat, aqua.

THE DESPAIRING SHEPHERD.

BY Mr. PRIOR.

I.

ALEXIS ſhunn'd his fellow ſwains,
Their rural ſports, and jocund ſtrains;
(Heav'n guard us all from Cupid's bow!)
He loſt his crook, he left his flocks,
And wand'ring thro' the lonely rocks,
He nouriſh'd endleſs woe.

II.

The nymphs and ſhepherds round him came;
His grief ſome pity, others blame;
The fatal cauſe all kindly ſeek:
He mingled his concern with theirs;
He gave them back their friendly tears;
He ſigh'd, but would not ſpeak.

PASTOR EXPES.

I.

DESERUIT comites et cœtum luſibus aptum,
Deſeruit reſonos carmine ALEXIS agros;
Spicula (dii nobis tam ſævam avertite peſtem!)
Infixa in pueri pectore Amoris erant:
Jamque pedum amittit, pecudes jam linquit; et errans
Per loca ſaxorum devia vulnus alit.

II.

Paſtores circum, circum accurrêre puellæ;
Pars luctum increpitant, pars miſerando levant:
Ne doleat ſuadent omnes peramantèr, et orant;
Et quo ſit caſu læſus, et unde, rogant;
Aſt ille officiis gemitu reſpondit, et omni
Pro lachrymâ lachrymam reddidit,—et tacuit.

III.

CLORINDA came among the reſt,
And ſhe too kind concern expreſt,
And aſk'd the reaſon of his woe;
She aſk'd—but with an air and mein,
That made it eaſily foreſeen
She fear'd too much to know

IV.

The ſhepherd rais'd his mournful head,
" And will you pardon me, he ſaid,
" While I the cruel truth reveal?
" Which nothing from my breaſt ſhould tear,
" Which never ſhould offend your ear,
" But that you bid me tell.

V.

" 'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
" Since you appear'd upon the plain;
" You are the cauſe of all my care;
" Your eyes ten thouſand dangers dart,
" Ten thouſand torments vex my heart;
" I love and I deſpair."

III.

Forte inter reliquas CLORINDA aſtabat; et illi
Mens itidem juvenis tacta dolore fuit:
Illa itidem cauſas quæſivit blanda dolorum;
Quæſivit, vultu ſed trepidante nimis;
Ceu preſaga, ſimul ſciretque, et ſcire timeret;
Et jam plus æquo certa futura foret.

IV.

Triſte caput, nymphæ exauditâ voce levavit
Paſtor; " Et, an fas eſt, dixit, acerba loqui?
" Ergone tu poteris, poteris tu ignoſcere faſſo
" Vera, ſed haud aliâ lege fatenda mihi?
" Vera, mihi nunquam, nunquam elicienda nec aurem
" Jam læſura tuam, virgo — ſed ipſa jubes."

V.

" Ex quo tu noſtros dignata es viſere campos,
" Sic ego ſuſpiro ſemper, et erro miſer;
" Tu mihi curarum cauſa es; tibi lumina tela
" Mille gerunt oculis inſidioſa meis:
" Te propter mihi mille dolores corda remordent;
" Ah! amo; deſperans quamlibet, æger amo."

VI.

" Too much, ALEXIS, I have heard,
" 'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I fear'd;
" And yet I pardon you, ſhe cry'd;
" But you ſhall promiſe ne'er again
" To breath your vows, or ſpeak your pain:"—
He bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd.

VI.

" O paſtor, nimium eſt reſpondit nympha; revelas
" Suſpecta, ac dudum jam metuenda mihi:
" Et tamen his ignoſco; ſed unâ lege; deinceps,
" Ne vota effundas talia danda fides;
" Danda fides tacitè paſſurum cætera:" —Paſtor
Annuit, et morem geſſit, et interiit.

SONG.

FROM THE SPECTATOR.

I.

MY time, O ye muſes, was happily ſpent,
When Phœbe went with me where-ever I went;
Ten thouſand ſweet pleaſures I felt in my breaſt,
Sure never fond ſhepherd like Colin was bleſt!
But now ſhe is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous change on a ſudden I find!
When things were as fine as could poſſibly be,
I thought 'twas the ſpring; but alas! it was ſhe.

II.

With ſuch a companion to tend a few ſheep,
To riſe up and play, or to lie down and ſleep;
I was ſo good-humour'd, ſo chearful and gay,
My heart was as light as a feather all day;
But now I ſo croſs and ſo peeviſh am grown,
So ſtrangely uneaſy as never was known;
My fair one is gone, and my joys are all drown'd,
And my heart, I am ſure, it weighs more than a pound.

PASTOR DESERTUS.

Ducite ab urbe domum mea carmina ducite Daphnim.

VIRG.

I.

SUAVITER, O Muſæ, mihi tempora ſuaviter ibant,
Quum PHOEBE uſque comes, quà via duxit, erat:
Succrevit mihi mille modis variata voluptas;
Tam felix nemo, credite, nemo fuit:
At nunc, proh dolor! illa fugit, miſerumque relinquit;
Quam mirè et ſubito ſors mea verſa mihi eſt!
Omne fuit lætum, ut nil poſſet lætius eſſe;
Dumque ego credideram hoc ver dare, nympha dabat.

II.

Paſcere ovem, in luſus aſſurgere, ducere ſomnos
Virgine tam charà participante vices,
Quas mihi delicias dederat! feſtivus in horas,
Et levior vaga quam plumula corde fui;
Jam verò petulans fio, perverſus, acerbus,
Triſtiſque, ut nulli contigit eſſe prius:
PHOEBE abit, et mea gaudia fidunt: et grave cordi,
Plumbea quod libra haud prægravet, hæret onus.

III.

The fountain that wont to run ſweetly along,
And dance to ſoft murmurs the pebbles among,
Thou know'ſt, little CUPID, if PHOEBE was there,
'Twas pleaſure to look at, 'twas muſic to hear;
But now ſhe is abſent I walk by its ſide,
And, ſtill as it murmurs, do nothing but chide,
" Muſt you be ſo chearful, whilſt I am in pain?
" Peace there with your babbling, and hear me complain."

IV.

When my lambkins around me would oftentimes play,
And when PHOEBE and I were as joyful as they,
How pleaſant their ſporting, how happy the time,
When ſpring, love, and beauty were all in their prime!
But now in their frolicks when by me they paſs,
I fling at their fleeces an handful of graſs;
" Be ſtill, then," I cry; for it makes me quite mad,
To ſee them ſo merry when I am ſo ſad.

V.

My dog I was ever well pleaſed to ſee
Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me;
And PHOEBE was pleas'd too, and to my dog ſaid,
" Come hither, poor fellow," and patted his head;

III.

Fonticulus leni ſolitus decurrere lapſu
De ſaxo in ſaxum ſubſiliendo loquax,
Cum PHOEBE aſtiterat, ſcis tu quoque, parve CUPIDO,
Auditu et viſu quam mihi gratus erat!
Nunc, quod abeſt PHOEBE, gemebundus obambulo fontem;
Rixorque, & dictis increpo torvus aquas;
" Cur ita vos hilares, inquam, dum maceror? abſiit
" Improba garrulitas, ut mea fata querar."

IV.

Cum circum agnelli luſu certare ſolebant
Et mea PHOEBE aderat, lege jocoſa pari,
Oh! quam dulce fuit luſum ſpectare! fluebat
Quam felix primo vere et amore, dies!
Nunc ubi grex juxta ſaltu laſcivus oberrat,
Ceſpite convulſo vellera cuique peto;
Dein, " Vah! definite," exclamo: furiatus ubi agnos
Tam lætos videam dum lachrymare meum eſt.

V.

Gaudebam ſemper quum caudam agitare ſolebat
Blanditus nymphæ, vel mihi forte canis;
Gaudebat mea PHOEBE etiam, lepidumque vocabat,
Palpabatque manu commiſerata caput:

But now when he's fawning I give a ſour look,
Cry, ſirrah! and give him a blow with my crook.
And I'll give him another, for why ſhould not Tray
Be as dull as his maſter, when PHOEBE's away?

VI.

When walking with PHOEBE what ſights have I ſeen,
How fair was the flower, how freſh was the green!
What a lovely appearance the trees and the ſhade,
The corn-fields, and hedges, and every thing made!
But now ſhe has left me, tho' all are ſtill here,
They none of them now ſo delightful appear;
'Twas nought but the magic I fear of her eyes
Made ſo many beautiful proſpects ariſe.

VII.

Sweet muſic went with us both all the wood thro',
The lark, linnet, throſtle, and nightingale too;
Winds over us whiſper'd, flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp went the graſhopper under our feet;
But now ſhe is abſent, though ſtill they ſing on,
The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone;
Her voice in the concert, as now I have found,
Gave every thing elſe its agreeable ſound.

Jam frontem capero ut blanditur; &, hui! apage, inquam,
" Arréptoque pedo verbere pello canem;
Verbere quin iterum pellam; cur, virgine ademptâ,
Cur canis improbulus non dolet, inſtar heri?

VI.

Cum nymphâ quoquò ſpatiabar, qualia vidi!
Flore renidebat, fronde virebat ager!
Quam varie placuit longè ſpectabilis umbra!
Sylva! ſeges! ſeptum! quicquid ubique fuit!
At vero, quia PHOEBE abiit, licet uſque ſuperſint,
Non animo arrident, ut prius, iſta meo;
Ah! certe magicum nemori campiſque nitorem
Qui dederat nymphæ ſolus ocellus erat.

VII.

Ad nemus ut ventum eſt nobis, linaria fudit,
Fudit alauda ſuos, & philomela modos;
Aura ſuſurravit ſupra, pecus undique miſit
Balatum, atque infrà læta cicada fuit;
At mihi, jam ſoli, vacuum nemus omne videtur;
Arva ſonant, ſonitu nec lepor ullus ineſt;
Scilicet expertus reperi quod vox modo PHOEBES
Muſica concentum juſſit habere melos.

VIII.

Roſe, what is become of thy delicate hue?
And where is the violet's beautiful blue?
Does ought of its ſweetneſs the bloſſom beguile?
That meadow, thoſe daiſies, why do they not ſmile?
Ah! rivals, I ſee what it was that you dreſt,
And made yourſelves fine for; a place in her breaſt;
You put on your colours to pleaſure her eye,
To be cropt by her hand, on her boſom to die.

IX.

How ſlowly time creeps till my PHOEBE return!
While amidſt the ſoft Zephyrs cool breezes I burn:
Methinks, if I knew whereabouts he would tread,
I could breathe on his wings, and 'twould melt down the lead.
Fly ſwifter, ye minutes, bring hither my dear,
And ſtay ſo much longer for't when ſhe is here:
Ah! Colin, old Time is full of delay;
Nor will move one foot faſter for all thou canſt ſay.

X.

Will no pitying power that hears me complain,
Or cure my diſquiet, or ſoften my pain?
To be cur'd thou muſt, Colin, thy paſſion remove;
But what ſwain is ſo ſilly to live without love?

VIII.

Quò, roſa, quo rubor aufugit tibi mollè coruſcans?
Quo color, O violæ, purpureumque decus?
Ecquid nativo flores ſpoliavit odore?
Cur non, ut quondam bellide prata micant?
Ah! mihi rivales nituerunt floſculi; avebant
Æmula virgineo turba jacere ſinu;
Splendorem induerant, ut ſi quos carperet illa,
In gremio, carptis, nympha perire docet.

IX.

Quam tardè reptat quæ PHOEBEN hora reducet!
Dum Zephyris circum flantibus uror ego!
Vix dubito, quin ſi reſpirem in Temporis alas,
Plumbi, ſi quod ibi eſt, omne liqueſcat onus;
Ocyus ite dies, nymphamque adducite! deinde,
Dum manet illa, moras nectite lege pari;
Deliras, paſtor; tempus, licet uſque preceris,
Explebit ſolitas progrediendo vices.

X.

Ergone de ſuperis nemo eſt, qui forte querelam
Audiat, et placidâ det mihi mente frui?
Quin placida ut mens ſit, removendi prorſus Amores;
Ah! quod tam ſtolidum pectus amore vacat?

No—Deity—bid the dear nymph to return.
For never was ſhepherd ſo ſadly forlorn.
Oh! what ſhall I do? I ſhall die with deſpair!—
Take heed, all ye ſwains, how ye love one ſo fair.

Oh! potius liceat charæ remeare puellæ!
Nam paſtor nunquam tam miſer ullus erat.
Quid faciam? pereo, pereo, expes!—Vos caveatis,
Tam pulchram, O comites, ne quis amare velit!

HENRY AND CATHERINE.

AN OLD BALLAD.

I.

IN antiente times in Britain's isle
  Lorde Henrie was well knowne;
No knight was in his day more fam'd,
  Nor more deserv'd renowne;
His thoughts on honoure always ranne;
  He never bow'd to love;
No ladie in the lande had charmes,
  His frozen heart to move.

II.

Mid'st all the nymphs where Catherine wente,
  The fairest face she showes;
She was as brighte as morning sunne;
  And sweet as any rose.
Altho' she was of lowe degree,
  She still did conquestes gaine;
For scarce a youth who her beheilde,
  Escap'd her powerfulle chaine:

HENRICUS ET CATHARINA.

I.

ANGLIACOS inter proceres innotuit olim
HENRICUS, priſcæ nobilitatis honos;
Nunquam eques in ſæclo fuerat laudatior iſto,
Nunquam equiti laudis debita palma magis;
Sola ſed allexit juvenis dum gloria mentem,
Non hunc, qui vincit cætera, vicit Amor;
Nulla fuit, pulchras inter, tam pulchra puellas,
Ut Cordi egelido creſceret inde calor.

II.

Virgineis ubicunque choris CATHARINA refulſit,
Virgineis formà præſtitit una choris;
Pulchra fuit primo ceu manè AURORA rubeſcens,
Suavis ut irriguo pendula ab imbre roſa:
Dote expers licet, atque humili de ſtirpe creata
Quà venit, victrix undique nympha fuit:
Vix illam, e pueris vix viderat unus, ab ipſo
Cui non intuitu vincula finxit Amor.

III.

But soone her eys their lustre lost,
  Her cheekes grew pale and wan;
For pininge seiz'd her beauteous face,
  And every grace was gone:
This sicknesse was to all unknowne;
  Thus did the fair one waste
Her time in sighs, and floodes of tears,
  Or broken slumbers paste.

IV.

Once in a dreame she called aloude,
  " O! Henry I'me undone!
" O cruel fate! O helpless maide!
  " My love can ne'er be knowne.
" But 'tis the fate of woman kinde
  " The truth we must conceale;
" I'll die ten thousande thousande deathes,
  " E'er I my love reveale."

V.

A tender friend who watch'd the fair,
  To Henrie hied away:
" My lorde, she cries, we've founde the cause
  " Of Catherine's quicke decay.

III.

At cito languebat radiantis ſplendor ocelli;
Languebat roſeo lenis in ore rubor:
In Facie inſedit mæror; venereſque, decuſque, et
Gratia quà fuerant, omnia pallor erant:
Ipſa gravi interea contabuit uſta dolore,
Sed nemo e ſociis noverat unde dolor;
Quippe omnem aſſiduo gemitu fletuque terebat
Aut interrupto laſſa ſopore diem.

IV.

Forte inter ſomnos HENRICUM voce vocavit:
" HENRICE, ah! pereo, dixit, amore tui;
" O fatum crudele! O infauſtiſſima virgo!
" Cui ſors occulto deſtinat igne necem:
" Namque pudor, durà nimium ſed lege, puellas
" Opprimit, et tacitè ſemper amare jubet;
" Et mihi morte prius centenâ occumbere certum eſt
" Quam læſus facto ſit pudor ille meo!

V.

Aſtitit auſcultans nymphæ chariſſima nympha, —
Nec mora quin juvenem nuntia fida petat;
" Tandem, inquit, tandem cauſas, HENRICE, malorum
" Novimus, et morbum quo CATHARINA perit;

" She in a dreame the secret tolde,
" Till now no mortal knewe;
" Alas! she now expiring lies,
" And dies for love of you."

VI.

The gentle Henries soul was stricke,
His hearte began to flame:
" O! poor unhappy maid, he cried!
" Yet I am not to blame.
" O! Catherine, too too modest maide;
" Thy love I never knewe,
" I'll ease thy paine."——As swifft as winde,
To her beddside he flewe.

VII.

" Awake he cri'd, thou lovely maid,
" Awake, awake, my dear!
" If I had only guesst thy love,
" Thou hadst not shedde a tear.
" 'Tis Henrie calls; despair no more;
" Renew thy wonted charmes:
" I'm come to call thee back from deathe,
" And take thee to my arms."

" Somnia ſecretum jam nunc confeſſa dolorem
" Oſtendunt miſeræ quo calet igne jecur:
" Ah! moritur prorſus, ſed amore, HENRICE, perempta;
" HENRICE, ah! moritur prorſus amore tui."

VI.

Protinus HENRICO perculſum eſt pectus, et omnis
Ingenui in venis ardor amantis erat:
" O natam, exclamat, miſerandâ ſorte puellam!
" Aſt ego tanta expers crimine damna dedi!
" Ah! rigidâ, CATHARINA, nimis virtute pudica,
" Cur paſſa es ſævam corde latere facem?
" Tollam ego, jam tollam luctus" — Nec plura, cubile
Virgineum ventis ocyor ipſe petit.

VII.

" Excute jam, ſomnos, O formoſiſſima, dixit;
" Excute jam, ſomnos; excute, chara, metus.
" Ah! ſi ſuſpectos habuiſſem forſan amores,
" Non lachryma in teneras fluxerat una genas.
" En vocat HENRICUS, ne deſpereſve, gemaſve;
" Surge, age; nativum, virgo, reſume decus
" Te tuus en revoco; redeas â morte, reverſam
" Ut teneam amplexu ſuſtineamque meo.

VIII.

That woyd revivʼd the lifeleſſe maide;
  Shye raisʼd her drooping head,
And ſmiling on her long-lovʼd loyde,
  Shye ſtarted from the bed;
Her armes about his neck ſhye flung,
  In extacy ſhye criʼd,
" Will you be kind? will you indeede?
  " Oh! love!"——And ſo ſhye diʼd.

VIII.

Semianimis licet, exaudivit verba puella;
Suſtulit atque oculos languidulumque caput;
Déin juvenem aſpectans ſubriſit leniter, et vi
Quà poterat lecto protinus exiliit,
Injecitque ſimul molliſſima brachia collo;—
Tum dicta exultans talia fando dedit;
" Ergonè amas, HENRICE?—Et me perſtabis amare
" Revera? O! amor! oh!"—Dixit, et occubuit.

SIX SONGS.

[By ———.]

SONG I.

I.

WHEN DELIA on the plain appears
Aw'd by a thouſand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

II.

Whene'er ſhe ſpeaks, my raviſh'd ear
No other voice but her's can hear,
No other wit but her's approve;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

III.

If ſhe ſome other youth commend,
Though I was once his fondeſt friend,
His inſtant enemy I prove;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

CANTIUNCULÆ SEX.

I.

I.

DELIA cum campos dignatur viſere, molles
In perculſa ruunt pectora mille metus;
Ardeo ut accedam, ſed copia nulla movendi eſt;
Dic mihi, cor, annon iſtud amare ſiet?

II.

Cum loquitur, ſuſpenſa mihi auris ab ore loquentis
Non audit, niſi quos edidit illa ſonos;
Non probat argutos, niſi quos habet illa, lepores;
Dic mihi, cor, annon iſtud amare ſiet?

III.

Si puerum laudet ſocio qui fœdere junctus
Debuerat cordi proximus eſſe meo,
Protinus hunc odio, atque hoſtilibus inſequor iris;
Dic mihi, cor, annon iſtud amare ſiet?

IV.

When ſhe is abſent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before,
The cleareſt ſpring, or ſhadieſt grove;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

V.

When fond of power, of beauty vain,
Her nets ſhe ſpread for every ſwain,
I ſtrove to hate, but vainly ſtrove;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

SONG II.

THE heavy hours are almoſt paſt,
That part my love and me;
My longing eyes may hope at laſt
Their only wiſh to ſee.

II.

But how, my DELIA, will you meet
The man you've loſt ſo long?
Will love in all your pulſes beat,
And tremble on your tongue?

IV.

Si quando illa abiit, mihi quæ placitura virebant
Omnia, non ultra jam placitura virent;
Non ultra clari fontes, umbroſave ſylva eſt;
Dic mihi, cor, annon iſtud amare ſiet?

V.

Cum ditionis amans, & formæ freta nitore
Paſtorum gregibus retia virgo ſtruit,
Nequicquam indignor, nequicquam odiſſe laboro;
Dic mihi, cor, annon iſtud amare ſiet?

II.

I.

JAM fere dilapſa eſt tardo lentiſſima motu
Quæ me deliciis diſtrahit hora meis;
Tandem avido ſpes orta oculo; nymphamque tueri
Fas erit, in votis quæ mihi ſola manet.

II.

At vero amiſſum tam longo tempore amantem
Viſere tu quànam, DELIA, mente potes?
Num tibi præpropero trepidabunt ſanguine venæ?
Num tibi in incertà voce tremiſcet amor?

III.

Will you in every look declare
  Your heart is ſtill the ſame;
And heal each idly-anxious care,
  Our fears in abſence frame?

IV.

Thus, DELIA, thus I paint the ſcene
  When ſhortly we ſhall meet,
And try what yet remains between
  Of loit'ring time to cheat.

V.

But if the dream that ſooths my mind
  Shall falſe and groundleſs prove,
If I am doom'd at length to find
  You have forgot to love,

VI.

All I of Venus aſk, is this,
  No more to let us join;
But grant me here the flattering bliſs
  To die, and think you mine.

III.

Num quoties in me languentia lumina figis
Indicium fidi lumina cordis erunt!
Pectora tunc levabis inaniter anxia curis
Pectore in abſentis quos facit uſque timor?

IV.

Hæc ego dum meditor, meditando effingo beatam
Horam quæ reddet me tibi, teque mihi;
Sic quæ jam reſtant, quam longa heu! tædia fallo,
Et doceo ſegnes accelerare dies.

V.

Sin autem hæc animum ludunt mera ſomnia noſtrum,
Si vanum eſt quicquid vaticinabor ego,
Si te cum videam, mutatâ mente videnda es,
Eque levi effluxit pectore priſcus amor.

VI.

Det, VENUS, exiguum eſt quod poſtulo, lumina ne ſint
Luminibus deinceps obvia noſtra tuis;
Ut placito indulgens voto mihi blandiar, et ſpe
Perſiſtam, et moriar te ratus eſſe meam.

SONG III.

I.

SAY, MYRA, why is gentle love
A ſtranger to that mind,
Which pity and eſteem can move,
Which can be juſt and kind?

II.

Is it becauſe you fear to ſhare
The ills that love moleſt;
The jealous doubt, the tender care
That rack the amorous breaſt?

III.

Alas! by ſome degree of woe
We every bliſs muſt gain;
The heart can ne'er a tranſport know,
That never feels a pain.

III.

I.

DIC, MYRA, cur nondum molli flagravit amore
Manſuetum & blandum quod tibi pectus ineſt?
Pronum adeo pectus miſereri, flere, probare,
Juſtum adeo et tenerum, cur ab amore vacat?

II.

An metuis curas & edaces ferre dolores
Fervida quæ ſemper corda in amando ferunt?
Ancipitemne fidem, dubias ſpes, anxia vota, &
Gaudia plena metu verſicolore times?

III.

Ah! quodcunque placet partum eſt patiendo; beatis
Non aliâ fieri conditione licet;
Nulla voluptatem potis eſt admittere magnam
Mens, niſi quæ magno læſa dolore gemit.

SONG IV.

TO MISS LYCY F——.

I.

To him who in an hour muſt die,
Not ſwifter ſeems that hour to fly,
Than ſlow the minutes ſeem to me,
Which keep me from the ſight of thee.

II.

Not more that trembling wretch would give
Another day or year to live,
Than I to ſhorten what remains
Of that long hour which thee detains.

III.

Oh! come to my impatient arms!
Oh! come with all thy heavenly charms;
At once to juſtify and pay
The pain I feel from this delay.

IV.

I.

NON miſero pariter, cui vitam finiet hora,
Hora brevem viſa eſt præcipitare fugam,
Ac mihi cunctari, reptare, hærere videntur
Tempora quæ longum te mihi, chara, negant.

II.

Non illi pluris foret ipſâ in morte paranda
Vita per exiguum forte redempta diem,
Quam mihi mobilitas lentæ velocior horæ
Quæ procul amplexu te jubet ire meo.

III.

O! redeas, cupidique redux in brachia curras
Pluſquam mortali, nympha, decore nitens;
Ut ſimul ipſa probes quos jam facit hæc mora luctus,
Et ſua lugenti præmia ritè feras.

SONG. V.

TO THE SAME.

On her pleading Want of Time.

I.

ON THAMES's bank, a gentle youth
For LUCY ſigh'd with matchleſs truth,
  Ev'n when he ſigh'd in rhyme;
The lovely maid his flame return'd,
And would with equal warmth have burn'd,
  But that ſhe had not time.

II.

Oft he repair'd with eager feet,
In ſecret ſhades his fair to meet,
  Beneath the accuſtom'd lyme;
She would have fondly met him there,
And heal'd with love each tender care,
  But that ſhe had not time.

V.

I.

LUCILLAM ingenuus THAMISINA ad littora paſtor
Fertur inauditâ deperiiſſe fide;
Cum cecinit, veros cantavit pectoris ignes;
Fovit & accenſam blandula virgo facem;
Inque vicem ipſa pares fuerat faſſura calores;
Sed nullà omninò lege vacare datum eſt.

II.

Sæpe puer celeri petiit pede ſedulus umbram
Quà nymphæ interdum ſueverat ire comes;
Sæpius expectans bene notam aſſedit ad ulmum:
Obvia quin puero venerit illa ſuo;
Venerit, ut curas adamantis amore levaret;
Sed nullâ omninò lege vacare datum eſt.

III.

" It was not thus, inconſtant maid,
" You acted once, (the ſhepherd ſaid)
" When love was in its prime:"
She griev'd to hear him thus complain;
And would have wrote to eaſe his pain,
But that ſhe had not time.

IV.

" How can you act ſo cold a part?
" No crime of mine has chang'd your heart,
" If love be not a crime:
" We ſoon muſt part for months, for years"—
She would have anſwer'd with her tears,
But that ſhe had not time.

III.

" Non ita me quondam potuiſti fallere, dixit,
" Nympha levis, mentem cum novus uſſit amor."
Hos paſtor queſtus; exaudivitque querentem,
Et doluit triſtes illa miſerta vices;
Et ſcriptâ fuerat chartâ mulſura dolorem;
Sed nullâ omninò lege vacare datum eſt.

IV.

" Cur, mea cur LUCILLA, adeo tibi pectora frigent?
" Crimine vix noſtro eſt, ſit niſi crimen amor.
" Quin, O! quin recolas, quod poſt breve tempus amantem
" A te, quam longum! ſors inimica trahet!
" Menſem! annos!"—Lachrymis ea reſponſura fuiſſet,
Sed tum non ullâ lege vacare datum eſt.

SONG VI.

TO THE SAME.

I.

WHEN I think on your truth, I doubt you no more,
I blame all the fears I gave way to before,
I ſay to my heart, " Be at reſt, and believe
" That whom once ſhe has choſen, ſhe never will leave."

II.

But ah! when I think on each raviſhing grace,
That plays in the ſmiles of that heavenly face,
My heart beats again; I again apprehend
Some fortunate rival in every friend.

III.

Theſe painful ſuſpicions you cannot remove,
Since you neither can leſſen your charms nor my love;
But doubts caus'd by paſſion you never can blame,
For they are not ill founded, or you feel the ſame.

VI.

I.

NYmpha, fidem cum ſpecto tuam dubitaſſe pudori eſt;
Et malè conceptos criminor ipſe metus;
" Quin, O! confidas, inquam mihi, paſtor; amantem
" Vix fallet, dixit quem ſemel illa ſuum."

II.

At vero quoties riſus, venereſque, decuſque
Reſpicio, in vultu quæ tibi mille nitent,
Corda iterum trepidant; iterum formido puellam
Ne mihi præripiat quiſquis amicus adeſt.

III.

Non tibi fas removere metum eſt; niſi forte fuiſſet
Vel tua forma, meus vel minuendus amor;
Nec damnes in amore timentem; ſcilicet his tu,
Ni jure hæc timeo, non aliena times.

VERSES.

Making Part of an EPITAPH on the ſame Lady.

BY THE SAME.

MADE to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes;
Tho' meek, magnanimous; tho' witty, wiſe;
Polite, as all her life in Courts had been;
Yet good, as ſhe the world had never ſeen;
The noble fire of an exalted mind
With gentleſt female tenderneſs combin'd.
Her ſpeech was the melodious voice of love,
Her ſong the warbling of the vernal grove;
Her eloquence was ſweeter than her ſong,
Soft as her heart, and as her reaſon ſtrong;
Her form each beauty of her mind expreſs'd;
Her mind was Virtue, by the Graces dreſt.

EPITAPHIUM.

NATA omnes oculos capere, omnia corda tenere,
Blandè animoſa fuit, ſapienter ludicra nympha;
Exculta & comis, ceu nunquam exceſſerit aulâ;
Innocua, in mundum ceu nunquam ingreſſa fuiſſet;
Ingenuum, ſemper ſpirantis maxima cordis,
Mollitie felix muliebri immiſcuit æſtum;
Sermo loquentis erat teneri facundia amoris;
Vox cantantis erat frondoſæ muſica ſylvæ;
Dulcius eloquium vel voce; ad pectoris inſtar
Lene, ſed & dignum ingenio, validâque potens vi;
Forma decens mentem depinxerat; ipſaque VIRTUS
Mente, miniſterio CHARITUM exornata, refulſit.

MOLLY'S FAREWEL TO JOHN.

I.

EARLY one morn a jolly briſk tar,
Signal being made for ſailing,
Nimbly ſtept down and told his dear,
Who was his loſs bewailing;
" Orders are come, we muſt unmoor,
" The boat along ſide is waiting;
" Haſten, dear Moll, we muſt away,
" This is no time for prating."

II.

MOLLY, whoſe arms were round his neck,
Look'd as if life had left her;
To hear ſuch words come from her dear JACK,
Quite of all ſpeech bereft her.
He, ſeeing her face began to look pale,
Laugh'd at the ſilly young creature;
Until from her heart the blood it began
To briſk up every feature.

MARIA JOHANNI VALEDICENS.

I.

SOLE recens orto, bene promptus navita ſignum
Audierat ventis quod dare vela jubet,
Et celer in puppim deſcendit, quà lachrymoſa
Diſceſſum expectans nympha reclinis erat;
" Solvendum eſt, inquit; jam nunc retinacula laxant;
" En! quæ te revehat, cymba, MARIA, venit:
" Quin properè jam, chara, abeas, quando ire neceſſe eſt;
" Non tibi, non verbis ſufficit hora meis."

II.

Dixit; at in collum dicentis lapſa MARIA
Protinus exanimi corporis inſtar erat:
Sævum adeo imperium dilecti ex ore JOHANNIS,
Torpentem oppreſſit vocem, animamque ſimul;
Formoſum interea ut vidit palleſcere vultum
Virgineos riſit leniter ille metus;
Intima deſeruit donec præcordia ſanguis,
Omnis & in tremulæ proruit ora rubor.

III

" Molly, my dear, ſince I muſt go
" Why ſuch recoils at parting?
" You may be happy, you very well know,
" With other men's wives conſorting"—
" No, no, my dear, there's no ſuch thing,
" I ne'er ſhall ceaſe from crying;
" I may, perhaps, rejoice and ſing,
" When you on the deck lie dying."

IV.

No ſooner ſhe ſpoke, but old Trincalo's call
" All hands aloft," did rattle;
Jack, with a ſmile, cry'd, "Come dear Moll,
" This is no time to prattle.
" Into the boat, the ſhip's on way."—
Molly crept ſlowly over:
Every ſtep, ſhe cry'd, " Day, day,"
And did her fears diſcover.

V.

'Till afar off with watery eyes
She ſaw the ſhip on ſailing;
Eager ſhe look'd, and thus replies,
For the loſs of her love bewailing;

III.

" At quorſum hi planctus, O! dilectiſſima! dixit?
" Quò me fata vocant ire, MARIA, meum eſt;
" Tu cantu luſuque domi ſolabere curas,
" Fæmineos inter læta, jocoſa choros."—
" Ah! nunquam, ſuavi exclamavit voce MARIA,
" Nunquam oculis aberit pendula gutta meis;
" Ne forte in riſum & temeraria gaudia ſolvar
" Dum tu lethali vulnere fractus obis."

IV.

Vix bene defierat, cum raucus in ardua nautas
PRORETA, increpitans undique quemque, vocat.
Innuit, arridens nymphæ, ingemuitque JOHANNES,
" Vade, age; colloquium perbrevis hora negat;
" Ocyus in cymbam, navis ecce ſoluta movetur."
Audiit, & tardo paruit illa pede:
Dum ſenſim egreſſa, & gradiendo iterumque, iterumque
Converſa, " uſque vale," dictitat, " uſque vale."

V.

Mœſta diu, fletuque genas perfuſa calentes
Per longum vidit carbaſa rapta mare;
Mox fruſtra ſectata oculis volitantia vela
Addidit has lachrymis anxia nympha preces;

" There he goes; my dear is gone;
" Gone is my heart's desire;
" O! that the balls may miss my JOHN,
" That is all I require."

" En abit! ah! vita tanto mihi charior ipſâ
" En abit! ah! prorſus, navita prorſus abit!
" At vos! O puero vos parcite, tela! JOHANNI,
" (Nil precor ulterius) parcite, tela, meo."

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

IN FOUR PARTS.

[By Mr. SHENSTON.]

PART I.

ABSENCE.

I.

YE ſhepherds, ſo chearful and gay,
Whoſe flocks never careleſsly roam,
Should CORYDON's happen to ſtray,
O! call the poor wanderers home.
Allow me to muſe and to ſigh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find;
None once was ſo watchful as I,
—I have left my dear PHYLLIS behind.

II.

Now I know what it is to have ſtrove
With the torture of doubt and deſire;
What it is to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire—

CARMEN PASTORALE.

IN QUATUOR ECLOGAS DIVISUM.

ECLOGA I.

ABSENTIA.

I.

PASTORES, queis læta dies venit et fugit omnis,
Queis bene ſecuris non ovis ulla vaga eſt,
Si pecus uſquam errat, noſtrum eſt: ad ovile, relictum
Heu miſere! obteſtor vos, revocate gregem.
Sit mihi fas gemitus meditarier et ſingultus;
Nec me mutatum dicite quiſquis ero;
Nemo vigil pariter fuerat, dum fata ſinebant:
—Sed dilecta adeo, væ mihi! PHYLLIS abeſt.

II.

Nunc ſcio quam ſævum eſt angoris acumen, in uno
Pectore cum certant hinc amor, inde metus;
Nunc ſcio mirari quid ſit; quid amare; ab amatâ,
Jam dum mirabar, quid ſit abire ſcio!

Ah! lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each evening repell;
Alas! I am faint and forlorn!
—I have bid my dear PHYLLIS farewell.

III.

Since PHYLLIS vouchſaf'd me a look,
I never once dreamt of my vine;
May I loſe both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine.
I priz'd every hour that went by
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before;
But now they are paſt, and I ſigh—
And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

IV.

But why do I languiſh in vain?
Why wander thus penſively here?
Ah! why did I come from the plain,
Where I fed on the ſmiles of my dear?
They tell me my favourite maid,
The pride of that valley, is flown;
Alas! where with her I have ſtray'd
I could wander with pleaſure alone.

Vos! O paſtores! educite mane, domumque
Ducite cum veſper decidet udus oves;
Nam mihi langueſcunt vires, et ſpiritus et mens: —
—Heu! dixi charæ PHYLLIDI, "PHYLLI, vale."

III.

Ex quò nympha vagos in me conjecit ocellos
Non hortus curæ, nec mihi vitis erat;
Sic pereat mihi dulce pedum, ſic fiſtula, ab illo
Si poſſim Ipſe hædos tempore ſcire meos!
Tunc habui in pretio, quæcunque acceſſerat, horam;
Et nova præterità gratior uſque fuit;
At nunc, ſi qua venit, triſtis venit hora; dolorque eſt,
Præteritam in pretio non habuiſſe magis.

IV.

Cur tamen incaſſum ſic langueo? cur tamen ultrò
Hìc, hìc illachrymans exul et erro moror?
Ah! quorſum è campis exceſſi, ubi nympha ſalutem
Et vitam, vità charior ipſa, dedit?
Quin valle ex iſtâ fertur migraſſe puella,
Unica vallis honos, unica noſter amor;
Ah! per quem felix, illà comitante, vagabar,
Idem vel ſoli dulcior eſſet ager.

V.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
What anguiſh I felt at my heart!
Yet I thought—but it might not be ſo—
'Twas with pain that ſhe ſaw me depart.
She gaz'd as I ſlowly withdrew;
My path I could hardly diſcern—
So ſweetly ſhe bade me adieu,
I thought that ſhe bade me return.

VI.

The pilgrim that journeys all day
To viſit ſome far diſtant ſhrine;
If he bear but a relique away,
Is happy, nor heard to repine.
Thus widely remov'd from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion I owe;
Soft hope is the relique I bear,
And my ſolace where ever I go.

V.

Cum nympham durà divulſus ſorte reliqui,
Heu! dolor in lacero pectore quantus erat!
Credebam, veris fortaſſe aliena, quod ipſa
Ut mœſtum vidit, mœſta videndo fuit.
Defixo ſtetit illa oculo, dum tardus abire
Vix nôram in mediâ, num via certa, viâ.
Deinde, " vale," dixit tam blandè et ſuaviter!—hæſi
Spe dubius, tanquam diceret illa, " redi."

VI.

Longum utcunque diem conſumat eundo viator,
Extera quem pietas viſere Fana jubet,
Nequaquam queritur, ſi ſanctum quod libet inde
Pignus forte, redux quod veneretur, habet:
Atque ego, tam charâ longè de virgine raptus,
(Virgine quam parili relligione colo)
Spem, ſanctum ut pignus, lenimen ut omne, reporto;
Spem ſolam mecum quò vagor uſque gero.

PART II.

HOPE.

I.

My banks are all furniſh'd with bees,
Whoſe murmur invites one to ſleep;
My grottoes are ſhaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with ſheep:
I ſeldom have met with a loſs,
Such health do my fountains beſtow;
My fountains all border'd with moſs,
Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

II.

Not a pine in my grove is there ſeen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound;
Not a beech's more beautiful green
But a ſweet-briar twines it around.
Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold;
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fiſhes of gold.

ECLOGA II.

SPES.

I.

PLURIMA, ſomnifero demulcens aëra bombo,
Quæ mea pervolitat rura ſuſurrat apis;
Sunt mihi nigrantes intextà fronde receſſus;
Albeſcitque meo collis ubique grege;
Rara perit, ſi forte pecus mihi deperit unquam,
Uſque adeo in noſtra fonte ſalubris aqua eſt;
In fonte hoc, muſcus quem circuit, atque hyacinthus,
Et viola, et quicquid pulchrius arva ferunt.

II.

Nec luco mihi pinùs ineſt, cui non ab eâdem
Germinat, et circum floſculus hæret humo;
Nec fagus ſolito formoſior ulla vireſcit
Quam non aſſiduo cingit odore rubus;
Suavia vere novo mihi prata; at ſuavior iſtis
Grex mihi, qui latè ſuavia prata tenet;
Limpida dum juxtà devolvit flumina rivus,
Limpida inaurato flumina piſce micant.

III.

One would think ſhe might like to retire
To the bow'r I have labour'd to rear;
Not a ſhrub that I heard her admire,
But I haſted and planted it there.—
Ah! how ſudden the jeſſamin ſtrove
With the lilac to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love
To prune the wild branches away.

IV.

From the plains, from the woodland and groves,
What ſtrains of ſweet melody flow!
How the nightingales warble their loves
From thickets of roſes that blow!
And when her bright form ſhall appear,
Each bird ſhall harmoniouſly join
In a concert ſo ſoft and ſo clear,
As—ſhe may not be fond to reſign.

V.

I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed;
But let me that plunder forbear;—
She will ſay, 'twas a barbarous deed;

III.

Certe ego non fallor; certe his viridantibus umbris,
Quas adeo ornavi, poſſit et illa frui:
Nunquam illi placuiſſe, ubicunque, arbuſcula viſa eſt,
Quam non hùc properà ſedulitate tuli.
Æmula jaſmino, veluti contendere gaudens,
In ſubitum accrevit parva myrica nemus;
Eſt, quaſi jam nympham expectans, quæ falce recidat
Quod nimium eſt, toto luxuriatur agro.

IV.

E campo, vepribuſque, et denſis undique ſylvis,
Quam grato aſſurgit dulce tenore melos!
Ut reſonant luſus et amores mille roſeta
Sub lare odorato quâ Philomela ſedet!
Quod ſi dignetur pulcherrima adeſſe puella
Uniet omnigenos turba ſonora modos,
Concentumque dabit, qualem, ſi linquere vellet
Forſitan, incaſſum linquere nympha velit.

V.

Inveni donum dilectâ virgine dignum,
Nam ſciò quà nidum parte palumbus habet;
Quin prædà abſiſtam; nam deſpicienda putabit
Virgo crudeli munera rapta manu.

For he ne'er could be true, ſhe averr'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young;
And I lov'd her the more when I heard
Such tenderneſs fall from her tongue.

VI.

I have heard her with ſweetneſs unfold
How that pity was due to a dove,
That it ever attended the bold,
And ſhe call'd it the ſiſter of love.
But her words ſuch a pleaſure convey
So much I her accents adore,
Let her ſpeak, and whatever ſhe ſay,
Methinks I could love her the more.

VII.

Can a boſom ſo gentle remain
Unmov'd, when her CORYDON ſighs?
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
Theſe plains and this valley deſpiſe?
Dear regions of ſilence and ſhade,
Soft ſcenes of contentment and eaſe,
Where I could have pleaſantly ſtray'd,
If ought in her abſence could pleaſe.

Sæpe ea poſſe procum fidum ſatis eſſe negavit,
Innocuam pullis qui ſpoliarît avem;
Atque ego, nam memini, magis inde adamavi adamatam,
Quod ſuavi audieram talia voce loqui.

VI.

Sæpe ea, dulce tuens, dixit, " miſerere columbæ;
" Eſt fas, officium eſt, eſt pietatis opus;
" Blandula diſtinguit fortes clementia mentes,
" Et quàcunque amor eſt jura ſororis habet."
Dixerat hæc; et ego cui ſumma audire voluptas,
Qui veneror verbum ſi quod ab ore cadit,
Quandocunque aliquid loquitur, quodcunque loquatur,
Semper amo; et ſemper gaudeo amare magis.

VII.

Ergone adhuc durum pectus tam lene manebit
Cum ſupplex fundit vota preceſque puer?
Ergone ruris amans adeo valliſque puella
Cum faſtu valles haſce vidêre poteſt?
Hic nemus, hic umbra eſt ubi ſacra ſilentia regnant,
Et pax, et parvo vivere docta quies;
Hic placitura mihi ſemper loca, ſi mihi quicquam
In terris placitum, te ſine, nympha, foret.

VIII.

But where does my PHYLLIDA ſtray?
And where are her grots and her bow'rs?
Are the groves and the vallies as gay,
And the ſhepherds as gentle as ours?
The groves may perhaps be as fair,
And the face of the vallies as fine;
The ſwains may in manners compare;
But their love is not equal to mine.

PART III.

SOLLICITUDE.

I.

WHY will you my paſſion reprove?
Why term it a folly to grieve?
Ere I tell you the charms of my love,
She is fairer than you wou'd believe.
With her mien ſhe enamours the brave;
With her wit ſhe engages the free;
Her modeſty pleaſes the grave,
She is every way pleaſing to me.

VIII.

At vero, quales peragrat mea PHYLLIS agellos?
Num ſimilis ſimili in rure receſſus adeſt?
Anne errat pariter ſplendent ubi vallis et arva?
Anne ubi paſtorum eſt tam bene culta manus?
Eſto—ſunt noſtris pariles fortaſſe receſſus,
Fors ibi nec valles, nec minus arva nitent;
Fors ibi paſtorum eſt manus æquè culta; ſed ex his
Nemo uſquam ardores æquat amando meos.

ECLOGA III.

SOLLICITUDO.

I.

CUR temere noſtrum, ſocii, damnatis amorem?
Cur luctum et lachrymas increpitare juvat?
At niſi dilectæ veneres oſtendero nymphæ,
Vix bene credetis quam ſpecioſa ſiet.
Corda movet generoſa decoro ſplendida vultu;
Mellito lepidos ore faceta capit;
Conciliat graviora pudico pectora geſtu;
Et mihi, tam præſtans undique, tota placet!

II.

O! you that have been of her train,
Come and join in my amorous lays,
I would lay down my life for the ſwain,
That will ſing but a ſong in her praiſe.
When he ſings, may the nymphs of the town
Come trooping and liſten the while;
Nay, on him let not PHYLLIDA frown,—
But I cannot allow her to ſmile.

III.

For when PARIDEL tries, in the dance,
Any favour with PHYLLIS to find,
Oh! how with one trivial glance,
Might ſhe ruin the peace of my mind!
In ringlets he dreſſes his hair;
And his crook is be-ſtudded around;
And his pipe—oh! may PHYLLIS beware
Of a magic there is in the ſound.

IV.

'Tis his with mock paſſion to glow;
'Tis his in ſmooth tales to unfold,
How her face is a bright as the ſnow,
And her boſom, be ſure, is as cold;

II.

Paſtores, illam quicunque adamaſtis, adeſte!
Carmina, paſtores, jungite veſtra meis;
Vitam ego pro puero poſſem deponere, nymphæ
Qui jubeat reſonum laudibus eſſe nemus;
Dum canit, occurrant ex agro, ex urbe puellæ,
Audiat et totas tota caterva modos;
PHYLLIDI quin liceat,—non torvâ hunc fronte tueri;—
Ut blandè aſpectet, non queo, nolo pati.

III.

Nam quoties PARIDELUS adeſt, interque choreas
PHYLLIDA ſollicitans officioſus amat,
Eheu! quam miſerè mihi pax et vita perirent,
Si vultu paulò blandior illa foret!
Scit criſpare vagos PARIDELUS in orbe capillos;
Scit bullà nitidum condecorare pedum;
Fiſtula item eſt—Oh! ſit PHYLLIS mea ſurda canenti;
O! caveat magicum quod venit inde melos.

IV.

Quin fictâ vafer ille poteſt ardeſcere flammâ
Et ſeſe placitis inſinuare dolis;
Callidus aſſentari, et dicere quod "nive vultus
"Splendidior nymphæ eſt, frigidiorque ſinus;

How the nightingales labour the ſtrain
With the notes of his charmer to vie;
How they vary their accents in vain,
Repine at her triumphs and die.

V.

To the grove or the garden he ſtrays,
And pillages every ſweet;
Then, ſuiting the wreath to his lays,
He throws it at PHYLLIS's feet;
" O PHYLLIS!" he whiſpers, " more fair,
" More ſweet than the jeſſamin's flower!
" What are pinks in a morn to compare?
" What is eglantine after a ſhower?

VI.

Then the lily no longer is white,
Then the roſe is depriv'd of its bloom;
Then the violets die with deſpite,
And the woodbines give up their perfume:
Thus glide the ſoft minutes along,
And he fanſies no ſhepherd his peer;
—Yet I never ſhould envy the ſong,
Were not PHYLLIS to lend it an ear.

" Quod nymphæ vocem certant imitando referre
" Luſciniæ, et ſimiles ingeminare ſonos;
" Quod variant fruſtra modulos, atque indignantes
" Victricem agnoſcunt, et moriuntur aves."

V.

Ad ſylvas properat, vel cultum ſubdolus hortum
Et ſpolia omnigeno ſuavia odore rapit;
Carmina tum ſerto meditans accommoda, ſertum
Nymphæ importunus, projicit ante pedes;
Murmure dein leni, "MEA PHYLLI, O! pulchrior," inquit,
" Tu vel jaſmini floribus una nites:
" En caryophyllum jam rore! cynoſbaton imbre
" Jam madidum!—At quiſnam comparet iſta tibi?"

VI.

Pergit blanditiis; " et mox neque lilia candent;
" Nec roſa purpureum jactat, ut ante, decus:
" Deinde periclymenon gratos deperdit odores;
" Et viola aſpectà virgine pallet obit."
Talia dulcè canit PARIDELUS; et intumet; et ſe
Præ ſociis magnum vatis honore putat;
At melos audierim, vix, ne vix invidus omne,
Si PHYLLIS cupidâ non bibat aure ſonos.

VII.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
So PHYLLIS the trophy deſpiſe;
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
So they ſhine not in PHYLLIS's eyes.
The language that flows from the heart
Is a ſtranger to PARIDEL's tongue—
—Yet may ſhe beware of his art,
Or ſure, I muſt envy the ſong.

PART IV.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

I.

YE ſhepherds, give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my ſheep;
They have nothing to do but to ſtray;
I have nothing to do but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove—
She was fair, and my paſſion begun;
She ſmil'd, and I could not but love;
She is faithleſs, and I am undone.

VII.

Sit PARIDELE pedum molli tibi cinctum hyacintho,
Dummodo deſpiciat noſtra puella pedum:
Splendeſcant redimita virenti tempora lauro,
Si nil quod moveat PHYLLIDA ſplendor habet:
Figmentis pollet PARIDELUS; ab arte loquela eſt;
Cumque canit, turpi perfidus arte canit;
Sed cantu et turpi caveat niſi PHYLLIS ab arte,
Invidus audiero protinus omne melos.

ECLOGA IV.

DESPERATIO.

I.

AD queſtum, O comites animos convertite noſtrum,
Et ſinite ad libitum quò juvat ire pecus,
Nil pecori reſtat noſtro, niſi ſponte vagari;
Et mihi—nil reſtat jam niſi flere mihi.
Parcite vos tamen, O! maleſanæ parcite flammæ:
Pulchra fuit virgo; ſic meus ortus amor:
Subriſit; nec ego potui non prorſus amare:
Pejerat; et certà lege perire meum eſt.

II.

Perhaps I was void of all thought;
  Perhaps it was plain to foreſee
That a nymph ſo compleat would be ſought
  By a ſwain more engaging than me.
Ah! love every hope can inſpire,
  It baniſhes wiſdom the while;
And the lip of the nymph we admire
  Seems for ever adorn'd with a ſmile.

III.

She is faithleſs and I am undone!
  Ye that witneſs the woes I endure,
Let reaſon inſtruct you to ſhun
  What it cannot inſtruct you to cure.
Beware how ye loiter in vain,
  After nymphs of an higher degree;
It is not for me to explain
  How fair and how ſickle they be.

VI.

Alas! from the day that we met,
  What hope for an end to my woes?
When I cannot endure to forget
  The glance that undid my repoſe!

II.

Forte ego ſperabam mihi deſperanda; decebat
Me didiciſſe merâ vel rationis ope,
Quod meliore proco qui cultu atque indole præſtet,
Tam pulchra et præſtans Virgo petenda foret!
Ah! amor inſpirat, quæ vel ſperare nefandum eſt;
Exulat, ah! ratio ſedem ubi figit amor;
Quiſquis amat, labium aſpectet licet uſque puellæ,
Nil præter riſus blanditiaſque videt.

III.

Pejerat at Virgo, et pereo miſer!—O populares,
Queis tot quæ patior triſtia ſcire licet,
Diſcite ab exemplo; et fugiat prudentia veſtra
Tot mala, queis, eheu! non medicamen habet.
Mittite ſectari pollentes dote puellas;
Irrita ne vobis vota preceſque cadant:
Non mihi, quantumvis vellem, deſcribere promptum eſt,
Quam ſint perpetuà mobilitate leves.

IV.

Ah! quæ, quæ mihi ſpes, vel primo ab amore refulſit
Ut finem lachrymis poneret ulla dies,
Cum neque ſuſtineam ſic perditus, obliviſci
Lumina queis læſum eſt cor, et adempta quies?

Yet time may diminiſh the pain:—
  The flower, and the ſhrub, and the tree,
Which I rear'd for her pleaſure in vain,
  In time may have comfort for me.

V.

The ſweets of a dew ſprinkl'd roſe,
  The ſound of a murmuing ſtream,
The peace which from ſolitude flows,
  Henceforth ſhall be CORYDON's theme.
High tranſports are ſhewn to the ſight,
  But we are not to find them our own;
Fate never beſtow'd ſuch delight
  As I with my PHYLLIS had known.

VI.

O ye woods, ſpread your branches apace,
  To your deepeſt receſſes I fly;
I would hide with the beaſts of the chace,
  I would vaniſh from every eye:
Yet my reed ſhall reſound from the grove
  With the ſame ſad complaint it begun,
—" She ſmil'd, and I could not but love;
  " Was faithleſs, and I am undone."

Leniet at tempus mihi fors fortaſſe dolorem;
Dumque ferax multo germine vernat ager,
Fors fortaſſe mihi, fruſtra devota puellæ,
Solamen poſthac arboris umbra feret.

V.

Aura roſam verno ſtillantem rore pererrans,
Et qui dulciſonà defluit amnis aquà,
Otiaque, et pax, et requies cantanda ſuperſunt;
Omnis in his deinceps vox CORYDONIS erit.
Panditur ante oculos longè ſpectanda voluptas
Quæ nunquam, ah! nunquam nos penes eſſe poteſt;
Delicias nulli tot tantas fata dederunt,
Hic mihi quot tecum, PHYLLI, datura forent.

VI.

Ocyus, O! ſylvæ, denſos contexite ramos;
Nam loca nunc ſpiſſo vimine opaca peto;
Per ſolis acceſſa feris volo luſtra vagari,
Et quaſi vaneſcens umbra latere fugà.
At verò interdum reſonabunt PHYLLIDA ſylvæ;
Et mihi qui nunc eſt, tunc quoque queſtus erit:
" Subriſit; nec ego potui non prorſus amare:
" Pejerat; et certà lege perire meum eſt."

INSCRIPTION NEAR A SHEEP-COTE, 1745.

BY THE SAME.

I.

SHEPHERD, wouldſt thou here obtain
Pleaſure unalloy'd with pain?
Joy that ſuits the rural ſphere?
Gentle ſhepherd! lend an ear.

II.

Learn to reliſh calm delight,
Verdant vales, and fountains bright;
Trees that nod on ſloping hills,
Caves that echo tinkling rills.

III.

If thou canſt no charm diſcloſe
In the ſimpleſt bud that blows,
Go, forſake thy plain and fold,
Join the crowd, and toil for gold.

CARMEN JUXTA OVILE INSCRIPTUM.

I.

VISNE voluptatem decerpere, paſtor, ab omni
Quæ rite immunis labe dolore vacat?
Gaudia paſtori præſertim congrua quæris?
Attentam hic aurem, candide paſtor, habe.

II.

Deliciis diſcas placide gaudere quietis;
Valle ubi rura virent, fonte ubi ſplendet aqua;
Sylvulà ab obliquo quæ culmine nutat; et antro
Quà rivus lapſu tinnulus urget iter.

III.

Si tibi nil gratum de flore videtur oriri,
Quantumvis minimo, quo decoratur ager;
Vade, age; linque ſtatim campos, et ovilia linque;
I, turbam ſequere; I, qui labor addat opes.

IV.

Tranquil pleaſures never cloy;
Baniſh each tumultuous joy;
All but love — for love inſpires
Fonder wiſhes, fiercer fires.

V.

Love and all its joys be thine —
Yet, ere thou the reins reſign,
Hear what Reaſon ſeems to ſay; —
Hear attentive, and obey.

VI.

" Crimſon leaves the roſe adorn,
" But beneath them lurks a thorn;
" Fair and flow'ry is the brake,
" Yet it hides the vengeful ſnake.

VII.

" Think not ſhe, whoſe empty pride
" Dares the fleecy garb deride;
" Think not ſhe, who, light and vain,
" Scorns the ſheep, can love the ſwain.

IV.

Sola nequit tranquilla animum exſaturare voluptas:
Turbida longe animo gaudia pelle tuo;
Omnia præter amorem — urat licet igne medullas,
Ignibus in mediis mollia ſpirat amor.

V.

Sit tibi, paſtor, amor; — ſit quicquid amore beatum eſt —
Sed prius IDALIO ne dato colla jugo,
Quam tibi recta ſcias ratio quid conſulat, ad te
Orſa loqui — auſcultes, et cape dicta memor.

VI.

" Purpureà expandit folium roſa luce coruſcum;
" Sed ſpina in foliis inſidioſa latet:
" Virgultis, pictoque renidet flore rubetum;
" Sed colubram ultricem picta rubeta tegunt.

VII.

" Tu ſpem ne foveas, maleſanà mente proterva
" Lanificam temnit ſi qua puella manum;
" Si qua poteſt leviter petulans pecus aſpernari,
" Nunquam illi, nunquam, paſtor amandus erit.

VIII.

" Artleſs deed and ſimple dreſs
" Mark the choſen ſhepherdeſs;
" Thoughts by decency controul'd,
" Well conceiv'd, and freely told.

IX.

" Senſe that ſhuns each conſcious air,
" Wit that falls ere well aware;
" Generous pity, prone to ſigh,
" If her kid or lambkin die.

X.

" Let not lucre, let not pride,
" Draw thee from ſuch charms aſide;
" Have not theſe their proper ſphere?
" Gentler paſſions triumph here.

XI.

" See, to ſweeten thy repoſe,
" The bloſſom buds, the fountain flows;
" Lo! to crown thy healthful board,
" All that milk and fruits afford.

VIII.

" Cui probitas expers artis, cui munda in amictu eſt
" Simplicitas, petat hanc, hanc bene paſtor amet:
" Hanc, ſenſus mentis caſtigat cui pudor, et vis
" Nativa inſpirat, promtaque lingua refert.

IX.

" Cui non ingenium eſt importuno grave faſtu;
" Cui, nec opinanti, defluit ore lepor;
" Cui, prona in gemitus molliſſima corda reſolvi,
" In gemitum agnelli morte ſoluta, dolent.

X.

" Nec lucrum, nec te ventoſa ſuperbia, paſtor,
" Ducat ab illecebris his, aliòve ferat;
" Nonne alibi ſedem lucrum atque ſuperbia figunt?
" Hic lenes animos lenior ardor habet.

XI.

" Mulceat ut requiem tibi, floſculus undique turgens
" Germinat, et tremuli fluminis unda micat.
" Tecum læta ſalus ut menſæ accumbat, opimas
" En! frugum, ingentes en! tibi lactis opes.

XII.

" Seek no more — the reſt is vain;
" Pleaſure ending ſoon in pain;
" Anguiſh lightly gilded o'er;
" Cloſe thy wiſh, and ſeek no more."

XII.

Nil quære ulterius; — non his, niſi vana ſuperſunt!
Gaudia, queis mordax inſtat ubique dolor!
Splendidulæ ærumnæ! — certum hìc voto pete finem
Paſtor, et ulterius quærere diſce nihil.

NANCY OF THE VALE:

A BALLAD.

BY THE SAME.

I.

THE weſtern ſky was purpled o'er
With ev'ry pleaſing ray;
And flocks reviving felt no more
The ſultry heats of day.

II.

When from an hazle's artleſs bower
Soft warbl'd STREPHON's tongue;
He bleſt the ſcene, he bleſt the hour,
While NANCY's praiſe he ſung.

III.

" Let fops with fickle falſehood range
" The paths of wanton love;
" Whilſt weeping maids lament their change,
" And ſadden ev'ry grove.

ANNA VALLIS INDIGENA.

I.

OCCIDUUM ætherio variatum murice cœlum
Luce magis gratà tinxit ubique jubar;
Et pecudes optata redemit veſpera ab æſtu
Quem tulerat longo fervida ſole dies,

II.

De corylo ſine lege rudem frondente per umbram
Quum THYRSIS molles edidit ore ſonos;
Seceſſu lætus, felici lætus et horâ
Quæ dedit his ANNÆ laudem iterare modis.

III.

" Inſulſè fatui queis cor verſatile ad auram eſt
" Dent, rumpantque vago pactam in amore fidem;
" Dum plorant mutata relictæ pectora nymphæ,
" Et reddunt queſtu triſtius omne nemus.

IV.

" But endleſs bleſſings crown the day,
" I ſaw fair ESHAM's dale!
" And every bleſſing find its way
" To NANCY of the vale.

V.

" 'Twas from AVONA's banks the maid
" Diffus'd her lovely beams;
" And every ſhining glance diſplay'd
" The Naïd of the ſtreams.

VI.

" Soft as the wild-duck's tender young
" That float on AVON's tide;
" Bright as the water-lilly ſprung,
" And glitt'ring near its ſide.

VII.

" Freſh as the bordering flower's her bloom,
" Her eye all mild to view;
" The little Halcyon's azure plume
" Was never half ſo blue.

IV.

" Perpetua interea diſtinguant gaudia fauſtum
" Essami quæ me duxit in arva diem !
" Quæque diem fauſtum diſtinguunt, omnia ad Annam
" Indigenam vallis gaudia perveniant !

V.

" Littore ab Avonæ pulcherrima nympha refulgens
" In longum tremulas irradiavit aquas ;
" Et rutilo lucem dum ſpargeret undique ab ore
" Viſa fuit fluvii Naias ipſa fui.

VI.

" Mollis erat ceu pullus anas, qui nando tenellam
" Plumulam ad Avonæ læta fluenta lavat ;
" Splendida, ceu Nymphæa, cavo quæ margine fluctus
" Enata, in fluctus margine dulce nitet.

VII.

" Floruit, ut riguo vernantes littore flores ;
" Lenis et in placido lumine fulgor erat :
" Lumine, dimidio cui nec diſcrimine, parvi
" Æquanda halcyonis cærula pluma foret.

VIII.

" Her ſhape was like the reed, ſo ſleek,
" So taper, ſtrait and fair;
" Her dimpl'd ſmile, her bluſhing cheek,
" How charming ſweet they were!"

IX.

Far in the winding vale retir'd,
This peerleſs bud I found;
And ſhadowing rocks and woods conſpir'd
To fence her beauties round.

X.

That Nature in ſo lone a dale
Should form a nymph ſo ſweet!
Or fortune to her ſecret cell
Conduct my wand'ring feet!

XI.

Gay lordlings ſought her for their bride,
But ſhe would ne'er incline:
" Prove to your equals true, ſhe cry'd,
" As I will prove to mine.

VIII.

" Formosè, in longum tenuatæ ad arundinis inſtar,
" Erecta, et facili celſa decore ſtetit ;
" Lubricus in riſu lepor, et rubor ille genarum
" Tam ſuaves— O ! quam ſuavis uterque fuit !"

IX.

Longinqui infractus ſecluſam prorſus in antro
Hoc mihi monſtravit germen amoris, amor :
Cui rupes, nemorumque nigrantum umbracula, circum
Sepierant veneres ambitioſa novas.

X.

Mirum ! in tam ſolo quod ſic natura receſſu
Tam nitidum in nymphæ funderet ora decus !
Mirum ! quod nymphæ ad ſedem fortuna reductam
Sic mihi ſponte vagum duceret alma pedem !

XI.

Hanc belli proceres ad fœdera magna petebant ;
Sed renuit magni fœdera virgo tori :
" Vos vobis adamate pares, in amando fideles,
" Dixit, et ipſa pari lege adamabo parem.

XII.

" 'Tis STREPHON on the mountain's brow
" Has won my right good will;
" To him I gave my plighted vow,
" With him I'll climb the hill."

XIII.

Struck with her charms, and gentle truth
I claſp'd the conſtant fair;
To her alone I gave my youth,
And vow my future care.

XIV.

And when this vow ſhall faithleſs prove;
Or I thoſe charms forego,
The ſtream that ſaw our tender love,
That ſtream ſhall ceaſe to flow.

XII.

" Arva colens propter montana cacumina THYRSIS,
" Ille animum, affectus poſſidet ille meos ;
" Sacrum illi pepigi votum, ſanctoſque hymenæos ;
" Cumque illo, certum eſt, incola montis ero."

XIII.

Tunc ego miratus formamque animamque, puellæ
Conſtantis tenui pectora preſſa meis ;
Huic ſoli integro devovi corde juventam ;
Huic ſoli, quicquid poſtera vita dabit.

XIV.

Cumque ego ab hoc pacto maleſanâ mente recedam,
Cum ſpernens veneres has, levis erro ferar,
Qui vidit noſtros lapſu citus amnis amores,
Ille citâ labi definet amnis aquâ.

ANACREONTICK.

BY THE SAME.

I.

'TWAS in a cool AONIAN glade;
The wanton CUPID, ſpent with toil,
Had ſought refreſhment from the ſhade,
And ſtretch'd him on the moſſy ſoil.

II.

A vagrant MUSE drew nigh, and found
The ſubtle traitor faſt aſleep;
" And is it thine to ſnore profound,
" She ſaid, yet leave the world to weep?

III.

" But huſh—from this auſpicious hour
" The world I ween may reſt in peace;
" And robb'd of darts, and ſtript of pow'r,
" Thy peeviſh petulance decreaſe.

ANACREONTICUM.

I.

PIERIUM in lucum, quem blanda refrigerat aura,
Succeſſit petulans iſte CUPIDO puer :
Utque operà feſſus requiem captaret in umbrà,
Muſcoſo poſuit languida membra ſolo.

II.

Venerat Aönidum greſſu vaga nympha ſororum
Quà bene ſopitus jam vafer erro fuit ;
Et, " Sic, ſic placidè dormitas, improbe, dixit,
" Et mundum in lachrymas immemor ire ſinis?

III.

" Quin age ; ab auſpiciis hujus felicibus horæ,
" Integra erit mundo pax, erit alta quies ;
" Et tu, tu telis exutus, viribus expers,
" Parcius hinc fundes, verbero prave, minas.

IV.

" Sleep on poor child! whilſt I withdraw,
" And this thy vile artill'ry hide."—
When the CASTALIAN flood ſhe ſaw,
And plung'd his arrows in the tide.

V.

That magic fount, ill-judging maid,
Shall cauſe you ſoon to curſe the day
You dar'd the ſhafts of love invade,
And gave his arms redoubled ſway.

VI.

For in a ſtream ſo wond'rous clear,
When angry CUPID ſearches round,
Will not the radiant points appear?
Will not the furtive ſpoils be found?

VII.

Too ſoon they were; and every dart,
Dipt in the muſes myſtic ſpring,
Acquir'd new force to wound the heart,
And taught at once to LOVE and SING.

IV.

" Dormi, infans; longum, deluſe infantule, dormi;
" Dum fœda obſcuro hæc arma recondo ſitu."
Nec mora; CASTALIUM dea juxta currere fontem
Vidit, et in medias ſpicula miſit aquas.

V.

At vero, iſte tibi reddet, male callida virgo,
Hunc execrandum fons aliquando diem;
Quo ſævas tetigiſſe CUPIDINIS auſa ſagittas,
Feciſti ut duplici mox vice ſæva ſient.

VI.

Quippe adeo mirè clarum quum flumen adibit,
Telaque, deſpectans undique, quæret AMOR,
Nonne coruſcabit manifeſtà cuſpide ferrum?
Nonne aderunt certis furta retecta notis?

VII.

Ah! nimium cito res comparuit omnis; et arma
Muſarum in ſacris illita prorſus aquis,
Inde novà humanum violant nunc impete pectus;
Et CANERE, et parili lege, ADAMARE docent.

VIII.

Then farewel ye Pierian choir,
For who will now your altars throng?
From love we learn to ſwell the lyre;
And echo aſks no ſweeter ſong.

VIII.

Æternum vos turba valete HELICONIA! veſtrum
Quis jam votivo numen honore colet?
Diſcimus en! ab AMORE lyram pulſare; nec ECHO
Dulcius in ſylvis poſtulat ipſa melos.

THE DYING KID.

BY THE SAME.

I.

A Tear bedews my DELIA's eye
To think yon playful kid muſt die;
From cryſtal ſpring, and flow'ry mead,
Muſt in his prime of life recede.

II.

Erewhile, in ſportive circles round,
She ſaw him wheel, and friſk, and bound;
From rock to rock purſue his way,
And on the flow'ry margin play.

III.

Pleas'd on his various freaks to dwell,
She ſaw him climb my ruſtic cell;
Thence eye my lawns with verdure bright,
And ſeem all raviſh'd at the ſight.

HOEDUS MORITURUS.

I.

UDA oculos lachrymá eſt, cum DELIA mente revolvit
Tam lepido huic hœdo quam breve tempus erit;
Quod citò, non ævi compos, non roboris, amnem
Splendidulum linquens pictaque prata, cadet.

II.

Viderat hunc rapidis agitatum curſibus, et mox
Saltu agilem, innumeris ire redire modis;
In rupem de rupe vago ſe mittere niſu, et
Ludere quà præceps margo tremendus erat.

III.

Viderat hunc, variis petulantem incumbere nugis,
Scandere quà mihi ſtat ruſtica parva domus;
Arvaque luſtrari, et multum lætarier intus,
Tam pulchre viridi ceu frueretur agro.

IV.

She tells with what delight he ſtood
To trace his features in the flood;
Then ſkip'd aloof with quaint amaze,
And then drew near again to gaze.

V.

She tells me how with eager ſpeed
He flew to hear my vocal reed;
And how with critic face profound,
And ſtedfaſt ear devour'd the ſound.

VI.

His ev'ry frolic, light as air,
Deſerves the gentle DELIA's care;
And tears bedew her tender eye,
To think the playful kid muſt die. —

VII.

But knows my DELIA, timely wiſe,
How ſoon this blameleſs æra flies?
While violence and craft ſucceed
Unfair deſign, and ruthleſs deed?

IV.

Nympha refert quam læto inſpectans flumina vultu
Per flumen vultum quæreret ille ſuum;
Jamque velut metuens reſiliret; deinde reverſus
In tremulâ hæreret, lumina fixus, aquà.

V.

Nympha refert pede quam celeri properaverat ille
Cum mea bucolicis luſit avena modis;
Quam criticâ ſteterat facie intentiſſimus; et quam
Arrectà totos hauſerat aure ſonos.

VI.

Quantumvis leviter nugatur, DELIA nugas
Blandula ſollicito reſpicit uſque metu,
Atque uda eſt oculos lachrymà, cum mente revolvit
Tam lepido hædillo quam breve tempus erit.

VII.

Ah! cur non recolit maturè præſcia virgo
Innocua hæc ætas quam fugitiva ſiet?
Quod mox hædo inerit vis effera, et aſtus, et audax
Improbitas ingens velle, patrare, nefas?

VIII.

Soon would the vine his wounds deplore,
And yield her purple gifts no more;
Ah! ſoon eras'd from every grove
Were DELIA's name, and STREPHON's love.

IX.

No more thoſe bow'rs might STREPHON ſee
Where firſt he fondly gaz'd on thee:
No more thoſe beds of flow'rets find
Which for thy charming brows he twin'd.

X.

Each wayward paſſion ſoon would tear
His boſom now ſo void of care;
And when they left his ebbing vein,
What, but inſipid age, remain?

XI.

Then mourn not the decrees of fate,
That gave his life ſo ſhort a date;
And I will join thy tendereſt ſighs,
To think that youth ſo ſwiftly flies.

VIII.

Tum cito ploraret ſæviſſima vulnera vitis,
Nec jam purpureum nectar, ut ante, daret:
Tum temere abroſum de qualibet arbore nomen
DELIÆ, et abroſus THYRSIDIS eſſet amor.

IX.

Non umbram aſpiceret, quà te, mea nympha, videndo
Felix, te felix THYRSIS amando fuit;
Non ultra vernis ſpirantem floribus hortum
Quos capiti THYRSIS necteret ipſe tuo.

X.

Quod vacuum curis adeo jam pectus in hædo eſt,
Appetet omne malum quà ſcelus omne vocat:
Cumque gravis tandem venis exceſſerit æſtus,
Quid niſi deliciis caſſa ſenecta manet?

XI.

Noli igitur, virgo, noli lugere quod illum
Poſt vitæ ſpatium tam breve fata prement:
Quin doleas, (luctumque tuis ego luctibus addam)
Quod pede tam celeri læta juventa fugit.

SONG

TO FLAVIA.

BY THE SAME.

I.

I Told my nymph, I told her true,
My fields were ſmall, my flocks were few;
While falt'ring accents ſpoke my fear,
That FLAVIA might not prove ſincere.

II.

Of crops deſtroy'd by vernal cold,
And vagrant ſheep that left my fold;
Of theſe ſhe heard, and bore to hear;
And is not FLAVIA then ſincere?

III.

How, chang'd by Fortune's fickle wind,
The friends I lov'd became unkind,
She heard, and ſhed a generous tear;
And is not FLAVIA then ſincere?

AD FLAVIAM.

I.

DIXI ego, tam charæ dicturus vera puellæ,
Quod mediocris ager, grex mihi parvus erat :
Hæſerat interea, correptaque lingua timore eſt,
Ne fida inde minus FLAVIA noſtra foret.

II.

Dixi ego quod verno perierunt frigore meſſes ;
Quod fugitiva meum liquit ovile pecus ;
Audiit hæc ; atque auditis immota remanſit ;
Nonne igitur fidum FLAVIA pectus habet ?

III.

Quod mihi, fortunæ ſectata volubilis auram,
Dulcis amicorum eſt facta inimica cohors,
Audiit ; et lachrymæ indulſit, miſerataque virgo eſt ;
Nonne ſatis fidum FLAVIA pectus habet ?

IV.

How, if ſhe deign'd my love to bleſs,
My FLAVIA muſt not hope for dreſs,
This too ſhe heard, and ſmil'd to hear;
And FLAVIA ſure muſt be ſincere.

V.

Go, ſhear your flocks, ye jovial ſwains;
Go, reap the plenty of your plains;
Deſpoil'd of all which you revere,
I know my FLAVIA's love ſincere.

IV.

Si forte illa meum redamando foveret amorem,
Quod ſpes veſtitu nulla nitere fuit,
Hoc itidem audivit blando placidiſſima riſu ;
O ! certe fidum FLAVIA pectus habet.

V.

Lanigeros tondendo greges gaudete, coloni ;
Carpite quas fundit prodiga meſſis opes ;
Sim licet his expers, quæ vobis ſumma videntur,
Novi ego quod fidum FLAVIA pectus habet.

THE SKY-LARK.

TO DAPHNE.

BY THE SAME.

I.

GO, tuneful bird, that glad'ſt the ſkies,
To DAPHNE's window ſpeed thy way;
And there on quiv'ring pinions riſe,
And there thy vocal art diſplay.

II.

And if ſhe deign thy notes to hear,
And if ſhe praiſe thy matin ſong,
Tell her the ſounds that ſooth her ear,
To DAMON's native plains belong.

III.

Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,
The bird from India's groves may ſhine;
But aſk the lovely partial maid
What are his notes compar'd to thine?

A L A U D A.

I.

I, Volucris, quæ voce facis reſonabile cœlum,
I, fuge, quà DAPHNEN dura feneſtra tegit:
Atque ibi, tu, tremulis librata aſcendito pennis,
Atque ibi, tu, doctos dulcè iterato modos.

II.

Quod ſi dignetur numeros audire puella,
Si matutinum comprobet illa melos,
Dicito cantorem quem laudat naſcier agris,
In quibus et DAMON natus amator erat.

III.

Dicito, nam fas eſt, quod plumà pulchrius ardens,
INDICA quam peperit ſylva, renidet avis;
Sed nimis injuſtam rogita, quid pulchrior ales
Voce queat, cum vox æquiparanda tuæ eſt.

IV.

Then bid her treat yon witleſs beau,
And all his flaunting race, with ſcorn;
And lend an ear to DAMON's woe,
Who ſings her praiſe, and ſings forlorn.

IV.

Deinde mone nympham, juvenum ut leve reſpuat agmen,
Queis nil, inſulſus nil niſi ſplendor ineſt;
Audiat et blandè DAMONEM, qui canit expes;
Et DAPHNEN, expes quamlibet, uſque canit.

THE CONSIDERATE LOVER,

A SONG.

I.

MY Days have been ſo wond'rous free,
The little birds that fly,
With careleſs eaſe, from tree to tree,
Were not ſo bleſt as I.

II.

Aſk gliding waters if a tear
Of mine increas'd their ſtream?
Or aſk the flying gales if e'er
I lent a ſigh to them?

III.

But now my former days retire,
And I'm by Beauty caught;
The tender chains of ſoft deſire
Are fix'd upon my thought.

AMATOR PHILOSOPHICUS.

I.

USQUE adeo facili lapſu mihi vita fluebat,
Curarum immunis, lite, timore vacans,
Ut pennata cohors laſcivo ludicra ſaltu
Vix æquà mecum lege beata foret.

II.

Flumina, fluminibus ſi fas eſt credere, dicent
Se nunquam lachrymis intumuiſſe meis;
Si libitum eſt auram rogitare, fatebitur aura,
Quod noſtris minimè queſtibus aucta fuit.

III.

At nunc, quæ fuerant olim tam læta, recedunt
Tempora; nunc horis inſidet unus AMOR:
Unus AMOR molli devincit corda catenà;
Vota, preces, curas, ſuggerit unus AMOR.

IV.

An eager hope within my breaſt,
Does every doubt controul;
And lovely NANCY ſtands confeſt
The favorite of my ſoul.

V.

Ye nightingales! ye twiſted pines!
Ye ſwains that haunt the grove!
Ye gentle echoes! breezy winds!
Ye cloſe retreats of love!

VI.

With all of Nature, all of Art,
Aſſiſt my dear deſign;
Oh! teach a young unpractis'd heart,
To make her ever mine.

VII.

The very thought of change I hate,
As much as of deſpair;
And hardly covet to be great,
Unleſs it be for her.

IV.

Fluctuat, incertumque metu eſt nunc mobile pectus;
Spes mox incerto in pectore certa viget;
Sin ſperem aut metuam, tu ſemper, amabilis ANNA,
Stas animæ vixtrix unica, tota meæ.

V.

Vos! O luſciniæ, vos! texto vertice pinus,
Vos! O paſtorum per nemus omne greges,
Tu! docilis reſonare ECHO, tu! blande FAVONI,
Vos! loca, receſſum quà ſibi quærit AMOR,

VI.

Ducite nativo quicquid ſplendore decorum eſt,
Ducite felici quicquid ab arte nitet;
Ducite inexpertum quicquid commendet, ut ANNÆ
Æterno jungam fœdere fata meis.

VII.

Non mihi mens adeo levis eſt, mutabilis ut ſim;
Deſperem quamvis non temerabo fidem:
Nec cupio magnos inter numerarier, ANNÆ,
Ni forte ut thalamo dignior inde ſiem.

VIII.

'Tis true, the paſſion in my mind
Is mix'd with ſoft diſtreſs;
Yet while the fair I love is kind,
I cannot wiſh it leſs.

VIII.

Sunt mihi, nam fateor, triſtes in amando dolores;
Eſt plena ambigui ſolicitudo metus;
Tantum in amore malum eſt.—Sin blandè arrideat ANNA,
Vix tanto optarim poſſe carere malo.

S O N G.

B Y T. P —— C Y.

I.

O NANCY! wilt thou go with me,
Nor ſigh to leave the flaunting town?
Can ſilent glens have charms for thee?
The lowly cot, and ruſſet gown?
No longer dreſt in ſilken ſheen,
No longer deck'd with jewels rare,
Say, canſt thou quit each courtly ſcene,
Were thou waſt faireſt of the fair?

II.

O NANCY! when thou'rt far away,
Wilt thou not caſt a look behind?
Say, canſt thou face the parching ray,
Nor ſhrink before the wintry wind?

AD

ANNAM

CANTIUNCULA.

I.

O Anna, an certum eſt mecum ſecedere ab urbe,
Nec lachrymam intereà fundere, nec gemitum ?
Ergone tu poteris campos tolerare ſilentes,
Subfuſcamque togam, ſtramineoſque lares ?
Ergone ſplendentes pretioſo ſtamine veſtes
Exuta, et gemmas quæ tibi mille nitent,
Linquere ſuſtineas reges, et regia tecta
Quà fueras pulchris pulchrior una choris ?

II.

O Anna ! hinc longè quum mecum aliquando recedes,
Nonne retorquebis lumina, mœſta, memor ?
Num faciem æſtivo audebis committere ſoli ?
Nonne tremes fera cum frigora ſpiret hyems ?

O! can that ſoft and gentle mien
Extremes of hardſhip learn to bear?
Nor ſad regret each courtly ſcene,
When thou waſt faireſt of the fair?

III.

O NANCY! canſt thou love ſo true,
Thro' perils keen with me to go?
Or when thy ſwain miſhap ſhall rue,
To ſhare with him the pang of woe?
Say, ſhould diſeaſe or pain befall,
Wilt thou aſſume the nurſe's care?
Nor wiſtful thoſe gay ſcenes recall,
Where thou waſt faireſt of the fair?

IV.

And when at laſt thy love ſhall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repreſs each ſtruggling ſigh,
And chear with ſmiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou o'er his breathleſs clay
Strew flow'rs, and drop the tender tear?
Nor then regret thoſe ſcenes ſo gay,
Where thou waſt faireſt of the fair?

Ergone mollicula illa, decenſque, tenellaque virgo
Dura adeo diſcet, dura ferendo, pati,
Nec cupiet reges, & regia viſere tecta,
Quà fuerat pulchris pulchrior una choris ?

III.

O Anna ! uſque tenax adeo perſtabis amoris
In ſæva ut mecum ſponte pericla ruas ?
Si forte infelix fatis contendero iniquis
Corde potes ſocio participare vices ?
Effera ſi morbi mihi vis exuſſerit artus,
Tune operam impendes officioſa tuam,
Nec querula in mentem revocabis regia tecta
Quà fueras pulchris pulchrior una choris ?

IV.

Tune animam aſtabis moribundi hauſtura ſupremam, et
Preſſa tenens labris iſta labella meis ?
Campeſceſne graves luctus, ſuſpiria, planctus,
Ut coram arridens aſpera fata leves ?
Tune, ubi jam jaceam triſte atque exangue cadaver,
Flore teges lachrymis commadefacta rogum ?
Nec tum, tum tandem, loca deſeruiſſe pigebit,
Quà fueras pulchris pulchrior una choris ?

THE SPIDER.

I.

ARTIST, who, underneath my table,
Thy curious texture haſt diſplay'd;
Who, if we may believe the fable,
Waſt once a fair ingenious maid,

II.

Inſidious, reſtleſs, watchful ſpider,
Fear no officious damſel's broom;
Extend thy artful fabric wider,
And ſpread thy banners round my room.

III.

Swept from the rich man's coſtly cieling,
Thou'rt welcome to my homely roof;
Here may'ſt thou find a peaceful dwelling,
And undiſturb'd attend thy woof.

A R A N E A.

I.

O Textrix, quæ fila levis tenuiſſima ducis,
Et mihi ſub menſâ penſile figis opus,
Quæ fueras, priſcæ liceat modo credere famæ,
Virgo in virgineis docta, venuſta, choris,

II.

Pervigil, irrequieta, vaferrima aranea, ſalve!
Non hùc cum ſcopis ulla miniſtra venit:
Latius hìc extende, et latius undique telam,
Sedula vexillis condecorare locum.

III.

Auratum quoties linquis deterſa lacunar,
Commigra ad noſtros, advena grate, lares;
Hìc requies, nullo domus hìc violanda periclo eſt;
Hìc operæ poteris rite vacare tuæ;

IV.

Whilſt I thy wond'rous fabric ſtare at,
And think on hapleſs poet's fate;
Like thee confin'd to lonely garret,
And rudely baniſh'd rooms of ſtate.

V.

And as from out thy tortur'd body,
Thou draw'ſt the ſlender ſtrings with pain,
So does he labour, like a noddy,
To ſpin materials from his brain.

VI.

He for ſome flutt'ring tawdry creature,
That ſpreads her charms before his eyes;
And that's a conqueſt little better,
Than thine o'er captive butterflies.

VII.

Thus far, 'tis plain, we both agree;
Perhaps our deaths may better ſhew it;
'Tis ten to one but penury
Ends both the ſpider, and the poet.

IV.

Atque ego mirandum intertexto ſtamine luſtrans
Penſum, fata tuis æquiparabo mea;
Me vatem, teque artificem, in cœnacula trudit
Sors, et magnifico limine abire jubet.

V.

Ac veluti nitidum è torto tu corpore filum
Ducis, et in tenerum viſcera texis opus,
Sic ego ſolicitè nugax operoſa minutim
Torqueor è cerebro carmina nere meo.

VI.

Nempe ut ſplendidulè petulans meretricula noſtro
Ingenio et cantu victima parta cadat;
Et prædam ut referam, qualem tu, parvula Arachne,
Ex irretito papilione refers.

VII.

Uſque adeo in vità fortunis utimur æquis,
Uſuri mortis conditione pari;
Nam (fallant niſi ſigna heu! neſcia fallere) egeſtas
Mox animam certè claudet utrique brevem.

S O N G.

I.

WHEN Fair SERRENA firſt I knew,
By friendſhip's happy union charm'd,
Inceſſant joys around her flew,
And gentle ſmiles my boſom warm'd.

II.

But when, with fond officious care,
I preſs'd to breathe my amorous pain;
Her lips ſpoke nought but cold deſpair,
Her eyes ſhot ice thro' every vein.

III.

Thus, in ITALIA's lovely vales,
The ſun his genial vigour yields;
Reviving heat each ſenſe regales,
And plenty crowns the ſmiling fields.

SERRENA.

CANTIUNCULA.

I.

QUUM primò SERRENA fuit mihi cognita, amici
Et jus, et ſanctum nomen amica dedit;
Ac nova continuò circum undique gaudia ſparſit,
Noſtra levi riſu corda calere jubens.

II.

Verum ubi ſubnatum ſteteram confeſſus amorem,
Et multà urgebam mollia vota prece,
Spem voce extinxit; per venas frigora ocellus
Miſit; et intuitu conglaciabar ego.

III.

Sic jubar ITALICAS geniali recreat igne
Valles, et latè rura tepere facit;
Sentit, et optato fruitur fervore colonus;
Ridetque in lætis prodiga meſſis agris.

IV.

When nearer we approach his ray;
High on the ALPS' tremendous brow,
Surpriz'd we ſee pale ſun-beams play
On everlaſting hills of ſnow.

IV.

Scandere ſin ALPES, propiuſque accedere cœlo
Ardua terrificà per juga mole velis,
Palliduli tremulo vix tangunt lumine ſoles
Culmina, perpetuà quæ nive cana rigent.

O D E.

BY MR. COLLINS.

I.

HOW ſleep the brave who ſink to reſt,
By all their country's wiſhes bleſt?
When ſpring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mold,
She then ſhall dreſs a ſweeter ſod
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

II.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unſeen their dirge is ſung;
There honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bleſs the turf that wraps their clay;
And freedom ſhall a-while repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

O D E.

I.

QUO ritu heroum requieſcunt corpora, quos dat
Patria honorifico functa dolore rogo?
Ver quoties geniale redit, tumulumque reviſit,
Frigidulà ſpargens roſcida mella manu,
Tam ſuavi hunc campum decorabit ceſpite, qualem
PHANTASIÆ haud alibi lubrica planta premit.

II.

Aëriæ pulſu præmonſtrant funera formæ;
Aërium exequiis aſſonat uſque melos:
Cana fides dilecto amat invigilare ſepulchro,
Et fauſtum eſſe jubet quod tegit oſſa ſolum:
Divaque libertas in charo ſola receſſu
Sæpe piam nectet flens prope buſta moram.

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

SUNG BY GUIDERUS AND ARVIRAGUS, OVER FIDELE SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD.

BY THE SAME.

I.

To fair FIDELE's graſſy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds ſhall bring
Each opening ſweet of earlieſt bloom,
And rifle all the breathing ſpring.

II.

No wailing ghoſt ſhall dare appear
To vex with ſhrieks this quiet grove;
But ſhepherd lads aſſemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

III.

No wither'd witch ſhall here be ſeen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew;
The female fays ſhall haunt the green,
And dreſs thy grave with pearly dew.

THRENODIA.

I.

HERBOSUM ad tumulum, quà pulchra FIDELIA dormit,
Molliculæ nymphæ et ruſtica turba ferent
Primitias florum, redolentes veris honores,
Et quicquid raptu dignius annus habet.

II.

Nec gemitu audebunt luci temerare quietem,
Nec voce infauſtà ſtridula ſpectra queri;
Hùc puer accurret cui prata et paſcua curæ;
Hùc puero ardores feſſa puella ſuos.

III.

Non vetula hìc turpes urgebit ſaga labores;
Non lemurum pernox hìc rude vulgus erit;
Virgineæ in ſancto verſantes ceſpite formæ
Gemmato ornabunt undique rore locum.

IV.

The red-breaſt oft at ev'ning hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moſs, and gather'd flow'rs,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

V.

When howling winds and beating rain
In tempeſts ſhake the ſylvan cell;
Or 'midſt the chace on ev'ry plain,
The tender thought on thee ſhall dwell.

VI.

Each lonely ſcene ſhall thee reſtore;
For thee the tear be duly ſhed;
Belov'd, till life can charm no more,
And mourn'd, till pity's ſelf be dead.

IV.

Sole ſub occiduo pia ſæpe rubecula blandàm
Addet opem, ſuavi functa miniſterio;
Candidulumque legens muſcum floreſque recentes,
Crebro, chara, tuum ſparget odore rogum.

V.

Seu rauco reſonans flatu pluviàque frequente
Sylveſtri incumbat ſæva procella domo;
Seu vocet ad ſaltus venandi copia; mentè
Te memori ſaltus, te domus, uſque ferent.

VI.

Te ſolæ lucorum umbræ, te luſtra reducent;
Lugebit certà te nova lege dies,
Te, donec nil vita dabit quod ametur, amandam; et
Flendam, donec erit mortuus ipſe dolor.

SONG

TO DELIA.

I.

WHY, Delia, ever when I gaze,
Appears in frowns that lovely face?
Why are theſe ſmiles to me deny'd
That gladden every heart beſide?
In vain your eyes my flame reprove;
I may deſpair, but ſtill muſt love.

II.

From ſweeteſt airs I ſought relief,
And hop'd from muſic, cure for grief;
Fool that I was! the thrilling ſound
Serv'd only to increaſe the wound;
I, while for reſt I fondly ſtrove,
Forgot that muſic ſtrengthens love.

AD DELIAM,

CANTIUNCULA.

I.

CUM tua luminibus ſunt obvia lumina noſtris,
DELIA, cur pulchrà nubila fronte geris?
Cur uni, nimum dura, arridere recuſas,
Blandula dum riſu pectora mille beas?
Fruſtra oculis noſtros truculenta redarguis ignes;
Non, ſi deſperem, poſſum adamare minus.

II.

Fallere conabar dulci modulamine curas;
Et fuit in querulâ ſpes mihi magna lyrâ;
At miſer, inſipiens, morbum è medicamine duxi;
Altius infixit ſpicula ſuave melos:
Quam male quæſieram amiſi quærendo ſalutem;
Molle ſonans ſonitu plectrum adamare docet.

III.

To pleaſures of a diff'rent kind,
Soon undeceiv'd I turn'd my mind;
I ſought the fair, the gay, the young,
And dreſt, and play'd, and danc'd, and ſung;
Vain joys! too weak my heart to move,
Ah! what are you to her I love?

IV.

When drooping on the bed of pain,
I look'd on every hope as vain;
When pitying friends ſtood weeping by,
And death's pale ſhade ſeem'd hov'ring nigh,
No terror could my flame remove,
Or ſteal a thought from her I love.

V.

Abſence may bring relief, I cry'd,
And ſtrait the dreadful hope I try'd;
Alas! in vain was every care;
Still in my heart I bore my fair;
Ah! whither, whither ſhall I rove,
To ſhun deſpair, or fly from love?

III.

Gaudia dein iſtis tentavi aliena, dolori
  Siqua graveſcenti forte medela foret;
Jamque inter juvenes, cantu juveniliter agi
  Et riſu, et choreis, lautitiaque diem;
Incaſſum — vix iſta tenacia corda movebant: —
  Quidnam hæc, quà virgo ſic adamanda nitet?

IV.

Quum morbo oppreſſus ſenſim langueſcere cæpi,
  Nec ſpes in terris ulla ſuperſtes erat,
Quum dudum adfuerant lachrymantes undique amici,
  Ipſaque mors propior jam, propiorque ſtetit,
Non mihi ſic potuit flammas extinguere terror;
  Tunc etiam in votis nympha adamata fuit.

V.

Quin poterit lenire angorem abſentia, dixi;
  Spes hinc, O! quanti plena timoris, erat:
Eheu! nequicquam verſatilis omnia tento!
  Pectora, quo vertam cunque, puella tenet:
Ah! quo, quo tandem reſtat diſcurrere, ut æger
  Deſperemve minus nunc, adamemve minus.

STELLA AND FLAVIA.

I.

STELLA and FLAVIA every hour
Do various hearts ſurprize;
In STELLA's ſoul is all her pow'r,
And FLAVIA's in her eyes.

II.

More boundleſs FLAVIA's conqueſts are,
And STELLA's more confin'd:
All can diſcern a face that's fair,
But few an heav'nly mind.

III.

STELLA, like BRITAIN's monarch, reigns
O'er cultivated lands;
Like EASTERN tyrants FLAVIA deigns
To rule o'er barren ſands.

STELLA ET FLAVIA.

I.

CONTINUO, (diverſa licet per pectore regnent,)
Corda ſibi ſubigit FLAVIA, STELLA ſibi;
STELLA refert, pollens animæ virtute, triumphos;
FLAVIA luminibus freta trophæa rapit.

II.

Latius extendens ditionem FLAVIA ſplendet;
Anguſto victrix limite STELLA nitet;
Quippe patet, nulli non conſpicienda venuſtas;
Vix ulli eximiæ mentis imago patet.

III.

Principis in morem qui ſceptra BRITANNICA geſtat,
STELLA regit pinguis jugera culta ſoli:
FLAVIA ab Eöis ducens exempla tyrannis
Imperii ſterilis littora vaſta tenet.

IV.

Then boaſt, fair FLAVIA, boaſt thy face,
Thy beauty's only ſtore;
Each day that makes thy charms decreaſe,
Will give to STELLA more.

IV.

Quin jactes, nitidum quin jactes, FLAVIA, vultum;
Spes unde, et venerum copia ſola tibi eſt;
Auferet hinc aliquid pulchrum dum quælibet hora,
STELLÆ aliquid pulchrum quælibet hora dabit.

THE DESPAIRING DAMSEL.

BY MR. GAY.

I.

'TWAS when the ſeas were roaring
With hollow blaſts of wind,
A damſel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd:
Wide o'er the foaming billows
She caſt a wiſtful look;
Her head was crown'd with willows,
That trembled o'er the brook.

II.

" Twelve months are gone and over
" And nine long tedious days;
" Why didſt thou, vent'rous lover,
" Why didſt thou croſs the ſeas?
" Ceaſe, ceaſe, thou cruel ocean,
" And let my lover reſt;
" Ah! what's thy troubled motion,
" To that within my breaſt!

VIRGO DESPERANS.

I.

TURBIDA quum rapidis tremuerunt æquora ventis
Et ſtrepitum alliſis fluctibus unda dedit,
Commiſta aſſiduo fundens ſuſpiria planctu
In nudà virgo rupe reclinis erat.
Per pelagus longe ſpumans vaga lumina torſit,
Lumina luctantes mente locuta metus;
Tempora flentis erant triſti redimita coronà
Quam tremula in riguo præbuit amne ſalix.

II.

" Ex quo bis ſeno perierunt ordine menſes,
" Jam nonus lentè pergit abire dies:
" Cur, ponto confiſe nimis, cur, dixit, amator,
" Auſus es heu! fragilem ſcandere nauta ratem?
" Oceane, Oh tandem diros compeſce furores!
" O! tandem puero ſint freta ſtrata meo!
" Sæva procella tibi eſt; —ſin vel ſæviſſima fiat,
" Sævior in noſtro corde procella furit.

III.

" The merchant robb'd of treaſure
" Views tempeſts with deſpair ;
" But what's the loſs of treaſure
" To loſing of my dear ?
" Should you ſome coaſt be laid on,
" Where gold and diamonds grow,
" You'd find a richer maiden,
" But none that loves you ſo.

IV.

" How can they ſay that nature
" Has nothing made in vain ?
" Why then beneath the water
" Do hideous rocks remain ?
" No eyes thoſe rocks diſcover
" That lurk beneath the deep ;
" To wreck the wand'ring lover,
" And leave the maid to weep."

V.

All melancholy lying
Thus wail'd ſhe for her dear ;
Repaid each blaſt with ſighing,
Each billow with a tear ;

III.

" Turbinis infeſtam ſubiti vim reſpicit expes
" Mercator, partas ne mare mergat opes;
" Sed quid opes? nihili, nihili ſunt prorſus, amatum
" Cum juvenem parili lege pericla manent.
" At tu, tu juvenis, ſi littore naufragus erres,
" Quà gemmas, aurum quà parit omnis ager,
" Invenies quæ te locupletet dote puellam,
" Non quæ te noſtrà poſſit amare fide.

IV.

" Quis temerè dixit, quod nullum, ubicunque vagemur,
" Natura incaſſum provida finxit opus?
" Cur igitur mediis toties aſſurgere in undis
" Aſpera lethali vertice ſaxa jubet;
" Cur procul aſpectu duram protendere molem,
" Ut mage ab occulto ſint nocitura facit?
" Certius ut poſſint abeuntem perdere amantem;
" Certius ut ploret nympha relicta vices."

V.

Sic virgo ſolà connixa in rupe dolebat;
Abſentem trepido pectore queſta procum;
Quolibet interea gemitum pro Flamine reddens;
Pro fluctu lachrymà quolibet uda genas;

When o'er the wide waves ſtooping
His floating corpſe ſhe ſpy'd;
Then, like a lily drooping,
She bow'd her head, and dy'd.

Donec in oceanum deſpectans vidit amantem
Jactari in ſalſis triſte cadaver aquis ;
Tum caput inflexit marcentis lillii ad inſtar ;
Et ſimul in terram concidit exanimis.

S O N G.

I.

IF from the luſtre of the ſun
To catch your fleeting ſhade you run
In vain is all your haſte, ſir;
But if your feet reverſe the race,
The fugitive will urge the chace,
And follow you as faſt, ſir.

II.

So if at any time, as now,
Some ſcornful CLOE you purſue,
In hopes to overtake her;
Be ſure you ne'er too eager be,
But look upon't as cool as ſhe,
And ſeemingly forſake her.

RETROGRADUS.

I.

VISNE umbram ipſe tuam certo prævertere curſu? —
Aſſiduus fruſtra, quà ruit illa, ruis;
Siſtas, vel pergas, ſiſtet, vel perget ibidem;
Uſque comes fidus, ſed prior uſque comes.
Sin retro vertas greſſus, convertitur umbra,
Hæretque a tergo, ſubſequiturque pedem;
Seu tardè reptes, ſeu præcipitere citatus,
Subtus adeſt parili tarda citata gradu.

II.

Tantundem dat tantidem, ſi quando puella
Te miſerum excruciat dura, proterva, procum.
Ne ſectere vagam, quoties velit illa vagari: —
Cede parum; fas eſt: deinde recede parum.
Cum prorſum currendo fugit, tum curre retrorſum,
Et ſimula reducem tu, pariterque fuge:
Nympha revertetur, cum te ſciet eſſe reverſum,
Inque vicem greſſus quæret amica tuos.

III.

So I and LAURA, t'other day,
Were courſing round a cock of hay,
When I could ne'er o'er get her;
But when I found I ran in vain,
Quite tir'd, I turn'd me back again,
And flying from her, met her.

III.

Sic mihi, nam memini, quum LAURA illudere vellet,
(LAURA nimis properà mobilitate levis)
Quà ſeges in molem cumulatis ſurgit ariſtis
Circum illa aufugit; ponè ſequebar ego:
Uſque, quoad licuit, dum ſpes fuit ulla, cucurri;
Quid tum quod facerem victus, anhelus, erat?
Terga dedi, ut nymphæ contrarius obvius irèm;
Et petiit caſſes præda petita meos.

AN EPISTLE FROM THE KING OF PRUSSIA,

TO MONSIEUR VOLTAIRE. 1757.

CROYEZ que ſi j'etois, VOLTAIRE,
Particulier aujourd'hui,
Me contentant du neceſſaire,
Je verrois envoler la fortune legere,
Et m'en mocquerois comme lui.

Je connois l'ennui des grandeurs,
Le fardeau des devoirs, le jargon des flatteurs,
Et tout l'amas des petiteſſes,
Et leurs genres, et leurs eſpeces,
Dont il faut s'occuper dans le ſein des honneurs.

FREDERICUS BORUSSORUM REX,

AD VOLTARIUM POETAM.

NON niſi vera loquar, VOLTARI, crede loquenti;
Si mihi privatim degere fata darent,
(Sit modo naturæ quod ſufficit uſque) ſerenà
Poſſem omnem ſortis mente videre vicem;
Poſſem ego fortunam, quatientem quamlibet alas,
Ridere, et flocci pendere, more tuo.

Quippe ſcio inſulſà dum majeſtate moleſtum eſt
Imperium, officii quam grave geſtet onus;
Quam fidei vacuus ſit flexilis aulicus, et quam
Incertæ plebis ſit maleſanus amor;
Quid ſit honos; quantis ambagibus intumeat; quam
Magnificum ſemper jactet inane, ſcio.

Je mepriſe la vain gloire,
Quoique poëte et ſouverain ;
Quand du ciſeau fatal retranchant mon deſtin
Atropos m'aura vu plongé dans la nuit noire
Que m'importe l'honneur incertain
De vivre apres ma mort au temple du memoire?
Un inſtant du bonheur vaut milles ans dans l'hiſtoire.

Nous deſtins donc ſont ils ſi beaux?
Le doux plaiſir, et la molleſſe
La vive et naïve allegreſſe
Ont toujours fui des grandes, la pompe, et les faiſceaux ;
Nes pour la liberte leur troupes enchantreſſes
Preferent l'aimable pareſſe
Aux auſteres devoirs guides de nos travaux.

Auſſi la fortune volage
N'a jamais cauſê mes ennuis,
Soit qu'elle m'agaçe, ou qu'elle m'outrage,
Je dormairai toutes les nuits,
En lui refuſant mon hommage.

Sim quanquam vates, ſim quanquam rex, mihi certum eſt
Spernere ventoſum gloria quicquid habet.
Nam mihi cum PARCÆ fatalia ſtamina nentes
Tam fragilis vitæ rumpere fila volent,
Otia cum menti obrepent inconſcia mortis,
Quod *fuerim*, aut *fuerim ſplendidus*, ecquid erit?
Ecquid erit, ſi fama, inter mera nomina, cantu
Quæ memor exornat, nomina noſtra canat?
Horula nunc vitæ præponderat una beatæ
Sæcula quæ poſthac pagina ſcripta dabit.

Eſto — At principibus quid reſtat deinde fruendum?
Numquid iis reliquum eſt jus, propriumque bonum?
Simplicitas longe, longe ſecura voluptas,
Et pax ante focum ludicra, et alma quies
Errant; indociles ſervire aut ſceptra vereri; —
His mens deliciis libera ſola vacat:
His mens, quæ pompæ regalis neſcia, neſcit
Quo pretio anxietas regibus empta ſiet.

Sed me nunquam adiget fortunæ mobilis aura
Ut nimis exultem, pertimeamve nimis;
Idem, ea ſi cæptis audacibus annuit, idem
Si renuit, ſomno lumina feſſa dabo:
Nec peragam noctem officiosé pervigil unam,
Cedat ut obſequüs blandior illa meis.

Mais notre etat nous fait loi,
Il nous oblige, il nous engage
A meſurer notre courage
Sur ce qu' exige notre emploi.

Voltaire dans ſon hermitage,
Dans un päis dont l'heritage
Eſt ſon antique bonne foi,
Peut s'addonner en paix a la vertu du ſage ;
Pour moi menacè du naufrage,
Je dois, en affrontant l'orage
Penſer, vivre, et mourir en roi.

Nimirum cuivis noſtrum ſanctiſſima norma
Vivendi, ex vitæ conditione fluit:
Sunt partes quas conditio depoſtulat, et quas
Suggerit; hinc virtus, hinc decus omne venit.

Lite expers, proprii VOLTARIUS incola fundi,
(Soſpes in immuni quem regione tenet,
Quà probitas, et priſca fides ſibi conſcia recti
Arva, nec ambiguo jure tuenda, colunt)
Eſſe poteſt, quicquid commentum eſt lene PLATONIS
Ingenium, et veris addere honeſta poteſt.
Aſt ego, quem vexat, quæcunque exorta procella eſt,
Et, quaſi luctantem turbine, raptat, agit,
Cogor, ut emergam, tempeſtatique ſuperſim,
Vità, animis, letho, regis obire vices.

THE SPEECH OF JAQUES, IN SHAKESPEARE.

[As You Like It, Act II. Scene IX.

———ALL the world is a ſtage
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their *exits*, and their *entrances*,
And one man in his time plays many parts:
His acts being ſeven ages: at firſt the infant
Mewling and puking in the nurſe's arms;
And then the whining ſchool-boy, with his ſatchel
And ſhining morning face, creeping like ſnail
Unwillingly to ſchool. And then the lover
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his miſtreſs' eye-brow. Then a ſoldier,
Full of ſtrange oaths, and bearded like a pard,
Jealous in honour, ſudden and quick to quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation,
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the juſtice
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,

TOTUS MUNDUS AGIT HISTRIONEM.

QUilibet in mundum, nam mundus grande theatrum eſt,
Prodit homo, ut peragat juſſas merus hiſtrio partes :
Scenicus eſt, certis qui legibus *exit*, et *intrat*,
Multimodaſque vices ſepteno dividit actu.

Primô infans gremio incumbit nutricis, et ultro
Conſpuit, et lachrymis ſinc mente modoque rigatur.

Tum querulus fletu puer eſt, pendetque puſillis
Sacculus ex humeris : — illi undique matutinum
Emicat os, ſi quando ſcholam teſtudinis inſtar
Invitus petit, et vix vix procedit eundo.

Fit procus ; et flammas ut clibanus evomit, alta
Ille itidem fundit ſuſpiria ; aduritur ; et mox
Palpebram nymphæ celebrat miſerabile carmen.

Jam mira ingeminat temerè dejuria, miles ;
Ac barbam enutrit pardi velut æmulus, audax,
Opprobrii metuens, et vindex acer honoris,
In rixas præceps, atque auram laudis inanem
Arma inter, bellique inſtantia fulmina captans.

With eyes ſevere, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wiſe ſaws and modern inſtances;
And ſo he plays his part. The ſixth age ſhifts
Into the lean and ſlipper'd pantaloon,
With ſpectacles on noſe, and pouch on ſide;
His youthful hoſe, well ſav'd, a world too wide
For his ſhrunk ſhanks; and his big manly voice
Turning again toward childiſh treble, pipes
And whiſtles in his ſound. Laſt ſcene of all
That ends this ſtrange eventful hiſtory,
Is ſecond childiſhneſs and meer oblivion,
Sans teeth, ſans eyes, ſans taſte, ſans every thing.

Dein tardus greſſu, teretique abdomine pinguis
Eirenarcha venit, redolens bene fercla, ſagaci
Lumine torva tuens, gravis, et barbatus ad unguem;
Multa catus dictare apophthegmata, multa referre
Exempla, hiſtorias, proverbia, dogmata, nugas.
Hæc ille — Ad ſextas deſcendit fabula partes;
Ecce hominem! ut vix incedit, ſoleatus, et omni
Corpore macreſcens! Ut nutat anile ſpecillum
E naſo! cui penſilis infra pera renutat.
Sepoſitam parcè nimium, dum floruit ætas,
Induit en! caligam; quæ multo heu! plus ſatis ampla
Seſe ultró in rugam macilento e crure relaxat.
Maſcula quinetiam vox, quæ teſtata vigorem eſt
Olim, vagitat pueriliter, et cantillat
Tenue crepans, tremuliſque ſonis quaſi fiſtula ſtridet.
Ultima nunc inſtat, longæ nimis atque operoſæ
Fabellæ ſcæna, et claudit ſpectacula; menti ob-
Repit prima redux infantia; cuncta relabi
In mera jam properant oblivia; et *exit* homo aure,
Dente, oculis expers, expers nare, omnibus expers.

THE FIRE SIDE.

BY Dr. COTTON.

I.

DEAR Chloe, while the buſy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In folly's maze advance;
Tho' ſingularity and pride
Be call'd our choice, we'll ſtep aſide,
Nor join the giddy dance.

II.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs;
No noiſy neighbour enters here,
No intermeddling ſtranger's near
To ſpoil our heart-felt joys.

FOCUS FAMILIARIS.

I.

CHARA CLOE, ſolis vaga dum plebecula curis,
Quas pariunt levitas, faſtus, opeſque; vacat
Dum labyrinthæos quò fert inſania flexus
Integrat, hinc longè nos via noſtra ferat:
Quantumvis vocet, ac vocitabit, fama ſuperbos,
Sit certum inſulſo prorſus abeſſe choro.

II.

Ex altà elapſos ubi lautè vivitur aulà
Nos domus excipiet parva, domique focus;
Quà jucundus amor fugientes occupat horas;
Quà non vicini clamor in aure ſtrepit:
Quà non ardelio importunus gaudia, ſimplex
Queis adeo fruitur cor, violare ſolet.

III.

If ſolid happineſs we prize,
Within our breaſt this jewel lies :
And they are fools who roam ;
The world has nothing to beſtow ;
From our own ſelves our joys muſt flow,
And that dear hut our home.

IV.

Of reſt was NOAH's dove bereft,
When with impatient wing ſhe left
That ſafe retreat, the ark :
Giving her vain excurſion o'er,
The diſappointed bird once more
Explor'd the ſacred bark.

V.

Tho' fools ſpurn HYMEN's gentle pow'rs,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By ſweet experience know,
That marriage rightly underſtood,
Gives to the tender and the good,
A Paradiſe below.

III.

Scilicet, in pretio modo ſit ſincera voluptas,
Intus et in proprio pectore gemma latet;
Delirant, quicunque putant aliunde petendam;
Non hanc, ut poſſit ſic dare, mundus habet:
Delicias puras nobiſmet nos damus, atque
Angulus hic dulcis priva beata domus.

IV.

Amiſſam ſenſit requiem errabunda columba,
Diluvio navis cum ſuper una fuit;
Et male deſertum queſta eſt, per inane, receſſum,
Expes, ac vanæ feſſa tenore fugæ;
Nec mora, navigium repetens remeabile cœlo,
Fecit iter, ſanctos jam ſubitura lares.

V.

Caſta licet temerè ſtolidi conſortia ſpernant
Et ſacra quæ blandus fœdera pangit HYMEN,
Novimus experti, quam ſuavi corda catenà
Jungat, et in quantum creſcat honeſtus amor;
Quod ſanis animi, placidiſque, boniſque, recludit
Hìc etiam ELYSIOS tæda jugalis agros.

VI.

Our babes ſhall richeſt comforts bring;
If tutor'd right they'll prove a ſpring
Whence pleaſures ever riſe:
We'll form their minds with ſtudious care,
To all that's manly, good, and fair,
And train them for the ſkies.

VII.

While they our wiſeſt hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, ſupport our age,
And crown our hoary hairs;
They'll grow in virtue every day,
And thus our fondeſt loves repay,
And recompenſe our cares.

VIII.

No borrow'd joys! they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot:
Monarchs! we envy not your ſtate;
We look with pity on the great,
And bleſs our humbler lot.

VI.

Gaudia quin jam magna ferunt pueri atque puellæ;
Inque dies deinceps uberiora ferent;
Dum cultu mentes formantibus ad decus et jus,
Uſque novus ſurget fructus, et uſque novus:
Donec honorificum quicquid, pulchrumque bonumque eſt
Appetere, et terris ulteriora, ſciant.

VII.

Provida dum nobis ſic occupat otia proles,
Prole iſtà felix noſtra juventa fluet;
Hinc columen ſenio ſuccreſcet grande; capillis,
Utcunque heu! canis, hinc orietur honos;
Cumque addet ſoboli virtutes tempus, amori
Tum noſtro et curæ ſatque ſuperque dabit.

VIII.

Non hæc fucata eſt, at noſtra, at certa voluptas;
Quamlibet obſcuro ſub lare vita ſiet:
Noſtra et certa, licet populus jam neſciat eſſe
Nos, atque oblitus forte fuiſſe neget:
Splendete, O reges! — regum miſereſcimus ultro,
Dum ſorte hìc licitum eſt inferiore frui.

IX.

Our portion is not large indeed;—
But then, how little do we need?
For nature's calls are few.—
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may ſuffice,
And make that little do.

X.

We'll therefore reliſh with content
What e'er kind Providence has ſent,
Nor aim beyond our pow'r;
For, if our ſtock be very ſmall,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor loſe the preſent hour.

XI.

To be reſign'd when ills betide,
Patient when favours are deny'd,
And pleas'd with favours given;
Dear Cloe, this is wiſdom's part;
This is that incenſe of the heart,
Whoſe fragrance ſmells to heaven.

IX.

Haud equidem immodici gazas numeramus acervi;—
Cum tantillo opus eſt, quid numeraſſe juvat?
Nil magnum natura rogat, nil poſtulat uſus;
Vivere felices unica norma docet;
" *Summa id votorum vitæ quod ſufficit eſto*
" *Et facias id quod ſufficit eſſe ſatis.*"

X.

Sit noſtrum, quod cunque datum eſt, lætarier iſtis
Quæ divum ſemper provida cura dedit;
Sed majora datis nec velle aut quærere;— ſi nos
Forte premat ſolito res magis arcta domi,
Hoc ſapere eſt; arctà, quà fas eſt, uſque frui re;
Perdere nec quicquid jam brevis hora tulit,

XI.

Æquo dura animo, cum ſunt ſubeunda, ſubire,
Æquo animo, cum ſunt vota negata, pati,
Et gaudere bonis queis jam conceditur uti,
Hæc, dilecta Cloe, mens ſapientis erit;
Hoc thus rite pium eſt; hoc ſanctum e corde litamen;
Unde ipſum penetrans æthera ſurgit odor.

XII.

We'll aſk no long protracted treat,
(Since winter life is ſeldom ſweet)
But when our feaſt is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll ariſe,
Nor grudge our ſons with envious eyes
The relicks of our ſtore.

XIII.

Thus hand in hand thro' life we'll go;
In chequer'd paths of joy and woe,
With cautious ſteps we'll tread;
Quit it's vain ſcenes without a fear,
Without a trouble, or a tear,
And mingle with the dead.

XIV.

While conſcience, like a faithful friend,
Shall thro' the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall when all other comforts ceaſe,
Like a kind angel whiſper peace,
And ſmooth the bed of death.

XII.

Non epuli nobis nos tempora longa petemus;
(Nam vitæ pauca heu! fercla miniſtrat hyems)
At noſtrà exactà feſti jam parte diei
De mensà placido cedet uterque gradu;
Nunquam hos invidulo viſuri lumine, cœnæ
Quos mox relliquias carpere fata ſinent.

XIII.

Sic dextrà dextræ junctà calcabimus unam,
Fortunà freti verſicolore, viam;
Cauti, ſeu dolor occurrat ſeu forte voluptas;—
Vanaque linquentes cum peragetur iter,
Spernemus queſtuſque metumque:—et corporibus mors
Corpora defunctis annumeranda dabit.

XIV.

Conſcia quin recti mens, tanquam fidus amicus,
Uſque aderit tenebras undique diſcutiens;
Illa etiam, extremus cum deſeret halitus ora,
Dulcia cum fugient cuncta, ſuperſtes erit;
Et, pacem angelicà ſpirans requiemque loquelà,
Leniet in triſti mortis acerba toro.

THE FORSAKEN MAID.

I.

ONE April evening when the ſun
Had journied down the ſky,
Poor MARIAN with joyleſs cheer,
Walk'd out moſt heavily.

II.

Tears trickled down her faded cheek;
Soft ſighs her boſom heav'd;
Soft ſighs confeſt her inward woe;—
Alas! ſhe'd been deceiv'd.

III.

Ah! what a wretch am I become,
Poor luckleſs laſs, ſaid ſhe:
The cowſlips and the violets bloom
Have now no charm for me.

VIRGO DESERTA.

I.

VESPERAM agens ſecum, declive per æthera flexit
Sol iter, et medio clauſit Aprile diem,
Cum læſa illætabile cor MARIANA, per agros
Lentum languida vix traxit eundo pedem.

II.

Pallida ſtillârunt lacrymæ ſine lege per ora,
Molle tumens gemitu contremuitque ſinus;
Contremuit ſinus, interno mærore laborans; —
Ah! fuerat ſævis captá puella dolis!

III.

Quam miſera, O! fatis exercita virgo ſiniſtris!
Quam miſera, O! dixit, jam, MARIANA, jaces!
Suaviter in pratis violarum purpura ridet:
Sed mihi nec violæ, nec mihi prata placent.

IV.

The ſetting ſun, that decks each cloud
With ſtreaks of purple dye,
Brings no relief to my diſeaſe;
No pleaſures to my eye.

V.

This little river where I dreſs'd,
Once took my glaſs's place;
But now it ſerves to ſhew how love
Has ruin'd this poor face.

VI.

How often, Colin, have you ſworn
That none you lov'd but me!
Yet perjur'd now, thoſe oaths you ſcorn,
And ſlight my miſery.

VII.

What charms can happy MOPSA boaſt,
To change thy faithleſs mind?
What beauty more in her than me,
Ungrateful, canſt thou find?

IV.

Occiduum hoc jubar, ætherium quod projicit oſtrum,
Et longà nubes luce rubere facit,
Dat nulla, heu! noſtro ſolamina nulla dolori;
Dat nulla, heu! oculis gaudia nulla meis.

V.

Rivulus hic, olim ornâram quà ſæpe capillos,
Freta, velut ſpeculo, marmore lenis aquæ,
Si fors nunc faciem referat, referendo monet me
Quam dirà faciem peſte peredit amor.

VI.

Quam ſæpe, O CORYDON, ſolam juratus amare,
Spem mihi feciſti quod rata vota forent!
Nunc me, nunc ea vota ſimul, perjurus, et iſthæc,
Quæ per te patior, ſpernere damna potes.

VII.

Quas, quas illecebras jactat felicior iſta
Pro quà læſiſti, barbare, MOPSA, fidem?
Num decus in MOPSA aut veneres, ingrate, videbas?
Num decus aut veneres queis MARIANA caret?

VIII.

All other ſhepherds think me fair;
But what is it to me
The praiſe of all the neighbouring youth?
I hopeleſs die for thee.

IX.

Yet I could change my roſy cheek
For MOPSA's ſallow hue:
And be content with lips like hers,
Since hers have charms for you.

X.

Have I not told you twenty times
I could not bear deceit?
And who'd have gueſs'd that harmleſs face
Was form'd to hide a cheat.

XI.

But now, alas! too late I find
That face has me betray'd:
Yet I'll not ſpend my dying hours
Thy falſhood to upbraid.

VIII.

Me formoſam alii paſtores undique dicunt:
Aſt ego nil, quicquid dicar ab hiſce, moror;
Quid mihi, quid Juvenum cætu ſi lauder ab omni?
Te ſolum fruſtra deperiiſſe meum eſt.

IX.

Quin roſeum hunc exuta decorem, aſſumere vellem
Sordidulas Mopsæ pallidulaſque genas:
Quin iſto Mopsæ labro contenta fuiſſem:
Nam labrum id Corydon quo teneatur habet.

X.

Ah! quoties dixi, mea dum tibi dicta placebant,
Quam noſtro Ingenio fraus aliena ſiet!
Quis tum crediderit, ſub blando quod tibi Vultu
Tam vafrum et pronum fallere pectus erat?

XI.

Heu! tandem, ſerò, perſenſi prodita, Vultus
Blandus in exitium quod fuit ille meum!
Sed tibi in extremà, mihi quæ nunc imminet, hora
Non exprobrabit vox moribunda ſcelus.

XII.

But what remaining breath I have
Shall intercede with heav'n,
That all thy broken vows to me
At laſt may be forgiv'n.

XIII.

And one ſmall boon of thee, unkind,
I, ere I die, require;
Ah! do not thou refuſe to grant
A wretch her laſt deſire!

XIV.

When thou with MOPSA ſhalt have fix'd
The fatal marriage-day,
Ah! do not o'er my green graſs grave
Inhuman take thy way.

XII.

Quin magis enitar, quo ſpiritus uſque ſuperſit,
Flectere continuà Numina ſancta prece;
Ne forte ad meritum violati crimina pacti
Supplicium poſthac te vocet ulla dies.

XIII.

Hoc unum ſaltem concedas, dure, roganti;
Hoc unum ſaltem quod moritura rogo:
Nec verba, heu! renuas audire ſuprema loquentis;
Nec miſeræ, ſemper, quod petit omne neges!

XIV.

Cum Mopsa, ad certos quum mox aliquando Hymnæos
Et fatale mihi fœdus iturus eris,
Ah! ne, quà viridi me ceſpite contegit herba,
Ah! ne, crudeli ne pede carpe viam!

H Y M N.

B Y Mrs. R O W E.

I.

THE glorious armies of the ſky
To thee, Almighty King,
Triumphant anthems conſecrate,
And hallelujahs ſing.

II.

But ſtill their moſt exalted flights
Fall vaſtly ſhort of thee:
How diſtant then muſt human praiſe
From thy perfections be!

III.

Yet how, my God, ſhall I refrain,
When to my raviſh'd ſenſe
Each creature, every where around,
Diſplays thy excellence!

HYMNUS.

I.

ANGELICÆ ætherio indutæ ſplendore cohortes
Te, Deus, æternùm te celebrare ſolent;
Jamque repercuſſos reſonant ſpatia ampla triumphos;
Jamque iterat liquidum mitia facta melos.

II.

Attamen hæ, licet uſque canant altiſſima, turmæ,
Laudibus uſque tuis inferiora canunt.
Quid potis eſt igitur vox hæc humana, quid eheu!
Quid de te potis eſt illa Supreme, loqui?

III.

At vero, quànam quànam mihi lege tacendum eſt,
Cum dextram ex omni ſentio parte tuam?
Cum quicquid ſupereſt, quicquid fuit, atque futurum eſt,
Unicè adorandum monſtrat ubique Deum!

IV.

The active lights that ſhine above
In their eternal dance,
Reveal their ſkilful Maker's praiſe
With ſilent elegance.

V.

The bluſhes of the morn confeſs
That thou art ſtill more fair,
When in the eaſt it's beams revive
To gild the fields of air.

VI.

The fragrant, the refreſhing breeze
Of ev'ry flow'ry bloom,
In balmy whiſpers own from thee
Their pleaſing odours come.

VII.

The ſinging birds, the warbling winds,
And water's murm'ring fall,
To praiſe the firſt Almighty cauſe,
With diff'rent voices call.

IV.

Sidera per fluidum longè radiantia cœlum, et
In feſto æternis motibus acta choro,
Artificem miræ manifeſtant undique ſcænæ,
Et, quod nulla ſonet lingua, micando ſonant.

V.

Mane novum, pulchrà quantumvis luce rubeſcat,
Sponte tuum agnoſcit pulchrius eſſe jubar;
Agnoſcit ſol ipſe redux, oriente renidens,
Auratà aërios dum face tingit agros.

VI.

Ille adeo fragrans, Zephyri qui vectus ab alis
Ex omni florum Germine ſurgit, odor,
Balſama cum ſpirat genialia te, Deus, unum
Balſama quæ ſpirat cunque dediſſe probat.

VII.

Argutæ volucres, querulæ concentibus auræ
Atque loquax refluo murmure ſemper aqua,
Te rerum authorem, te primam ante omnia cauſam,
Omnia certatim concelebrare jubent.

VIII.

Thy num'rous works exalt thee thus;
And ſhall I ſilent be? —
No; rather let me ceaſe to breathe,
Than ceaſe from praiſing thee!

VIII.

Dum ſic te propriæ laudant molimina dextræ,
Has inter laudes mene tacere decet?
Nequaquam — Ah potius deinceps exiſtere ceſſem,
Quam ceſſem hos gratà voce ciere modos!

HYMN.

BY THE SAME.

I.

THOU didſt, O mighty God! exiſt
Ere time began its race:
Before the ample elements
Fill'd up the void of ſpace;

II.

Before the pond'rous earthly globe
In fluid air was ſtay'd:
Before the ocean's mighty ſprings
Their liquid ſtores diſplay'd;

III.

Ere through the gloom of ancient night
The ſtreaks of light appear'd;
Before the high celeſtial arch,
Or ſtarry poles were rear'd!

HYMNUS.

I.

TU, Deus, extabas, cum nondum, præpete motu
Diſtinguens ſæclis ſæcula, tempus erat;
Cum nondum fauſto permiſta elementa tenore
Explèrant ſpatii vaſtum et inane nihil.

II.

Cum nondum juſto nitens libramine tellus
Aërio in vacuo penſile fluxit opus:
Cum nondum irriguis exudans fontibus unda
Oceani ingentes conglomerabat aquas.

III.

Non ortum tum lumen erat, nec noctis opacæ
Ex umbrà emerſum tinxerat igne diem;
Non cœlum in patulum ſe latè extenderat arcum;
Nec fuerat ſtellis fultus uterque polus.

IV.

Before the loud melodious ſpheres
Their tuneful round begun;
Before the ſhining roads of heav'n
Were meaſur'd by the ſun;

V.

Ere thro' the Empyrean courts
One hallelujah rung;
Or to their harps their ſons of light
Extatic anthems ſung.

VI.

Ere men ador'd, or angels knew,
Or prais'd thy wond'rous name,
Thy Bliſs, O ſacred ſpring of life!
Thy glory was the ſame.

VII.

And when the pillars of the world
With ſudden ruin break,
And all this vaſt and goodly frame
Sinks in the mighty wreck,

IV.

Muſica non dederant reſonæ cæleſtia ſphæræ
Carpentes multo rite canore viam ;
Nec ſol in liquido deſcripſerat æthere certum,
Ardua per nitido tramite raptus, iter.

V.

Tum neque conſuêrant immenſa per atria lætos
Votivæ modulos ingeminare lyræ ;
Nec cœli ſoboles vocalem cuncta creantis
Nomine ſydeream juſſerat eſſe domum.

VI.

At licet haud homines, ſeraphimve, ſacerrima turba,
Novere, aut notum concinuere, Deum,
Tu pariter magnus, vitæ O ſanctiſſima origo !
Tu parili omnino lege beatus eras.

VII.

Atque ubi, quæ terram ſuſtentant hannce, columnæ
Dira ſub eversà mole ruina cadent,
Cum pulchra hæc rerum facies, cum ſplendidus ordo
Procumbet, triſti ſubrutus exitio,

VIII.

When from her orb the moon ſhall ſtart,
Th' aſtoniſh'd ſun roll back,
And all the trembling ſtarry lamps
Their ancient courſe forſake,

IX.

Forever permanent and fix'd,
From agitation free,
Unchang'd in everlaſting years
Shall thy exiſtence be.

VIII.

Luna ubi diſſiliet proprio conterrita ab orbe,
Et ſol attonitis ſponte recurret equis,
Concava per cœli cum lucida ſigna labaſcent
Funditus, inſolitis præcipitata modis,

IX.

Tum quoque ſecurà tu majeſtate ſerenus,
Otia per nullas contemeranda vices
Immotus perages; atque immutabilis ævo
Stabis; et æterna in ſæcla ſuperſtes eris.

ODE TO THE QUEEN,

ON HER BIRTH-DAY,

January 18, 1764.

(Taken from a periodical paper, printed in the Public Ledger, called the Ladies Club).

I.

FROM all the bliſs a queen can feel,
When a whole grateful nation pays
(Ardent in duty, bold in zeal)
The annual tribute of its praiſe,

II.

The royal dame a moment ſtole—
Laid down the wreaths her people wrought;
And, wrapt in ſweet ſuſpenſe of ſoul,
Indulg'd a mother's tend'reſt thought.

O D E.

AD

REGINAM.

I.

LÆTITIA ex omni quam regia ſcire neceſſe eſt
Pectora, quum gentes plaudere cogit amor,
Quum ſtudia exardent populorum, atque ipſa loquuntur
Corda, et publica vox annua vota ſonat,

II.

Sponte elapſa brevem regina morata per horam eſt;
Sertaque depoſuit quæ pia turba tulit,
Et ſuavi ſuſpenſa affectu immobilis hæſit,
Maternis animum percita deliciis.

III.

Where ſooth'd by ſlumber's lenient hand,
Two boys, her infant offspring lay,
Intent ſhe took her ſilent ſtand,
And gave each riſing paſſion way.

IV.

By turns complacence ſmooth'd her brow,
And care all anxious fluſh'd her cheek;
Now glow'd remembrance; fondneſs now
Inſpir'd what utt'rance could not ſpeak.

V.

Oft fancy prompted by concern
To urge an half-form'd tear began;
Oft hope that made her boſom burn,
Finiſh'd the pearl, and down it ran.

VI.

While thus ſhe ſtood, and look'd, and lov'd,
And fonder ſtill, and happier grew,
(For ev'ry look her love improv'd,
And love ſtill ſweeten'd ev'ry view)

III.

Infantes juxta binos, quà lumina blandus
Molliculà ſomnus clauſit utrique manu,
Intento taciturna oculo, variiſque viciſſim
Motibus ambiguum cor agitata ſtetit.

IV.

Jam placidam explicuit frontem ſubnata voluptas;
Jam rubuit tremulis anxia cura genis;
Nunc memor incaluit mens; nunc, quod nulla valerent
Verba nec eloquium dicere ſenſit amans.

V.

Sæpius urgebat lacrymam quaſi dimidatam
Plena repentini ſollicitudo metus;
Fervida ſæpe ſinu ſpes gemmæ expreſſerat orbem,
Et tenuit radians gutta per ora viam.

VI.

Dum ſic, ſixa pedem atque oculos, indulſit amori
Uſque magis fælix intus, et uſque magis,
(Quippe amor intuitu ſenſim ſuccrevit ab omni,
Inque vicem aucta dedit gaudia adauctus amor,)

VII.

Unſeen the cherubs hover'd near,
Whom fate to guard her ſons ordain'd;
They mark'd each joy ſhe felt, each tear,
And thus alternate ſpeech maintain'd.

VIII.

" See (ſaid the heav'nborn form whoſe care
" BRITANNIA's elder hope employ'd)
" What thoughts the parent's boſom ſhare,
" While majeſty is unenjoy'd.

IX.

" Yet know, O queen, 'tis but begun,
" The ſtrong ſenſation thou muſt prove;
" Each year that waits its courſe to run,
" Will bring new extacy of love.

X.

" How will the ſoul that ſcarce ſuſtains
" Ev'n now the dear employ to trace,
" Features where ſilent beauty reigns,
" Mere infant innocence and grace,

VII.

Angelica imminuit circum cuſtodia, fratres,
Queis curæ alterutris frater uterque fuit;
Atque illi, ardorem inviſi videre metumque
Matris; et alternos fando dedere modos:

VIII.

" En! (dixit puer ætherius cui rite tuenda,
" Spes BRITONUM ſenior, prima propago data eſt)
" En! quæ detineant animum mentemque parentis!
" Ut neque majeſtas jam, nequè ſceptra juvent!

IX.

" At vix cæpiſti affectus, regina, probare
" Queis exercendus mox erit iſte ſinus:
" Majora (heu! quanto majora!) in amando ſuperſunt,
" In ſeriem quoties annus et annus eat.

X.

" Quo ritu pectus, quod jam nunc ſuſtinet ægrè,
" Vix ægrè ſuavi ſuſtinet officio,
" Infantes ſpectare genas, vultumque ſilentem,
" Innocuoque merum prorſus in ore decus,

XI.

" How will it throb beneath th' exceſs
" The pangs, the agony of bliſs,
" When from thoſe lips ſoft ſounds ſhall preſs
" To greet another day like this!

XII.

" How will the blood thro' ev'ry vein
" Run thrilling to the mother's heart,
" When ſhe ſhall ſee her boy maintain,
" In the boy's ſport, the prince's part!

XIII.

" How will her boſom pant to read
" In every part ſome likeneſs caught;
" Some ſemblance of his father's deed,
" Some copy of his mother's thought!

XIV.

" What will ſhe ſay, when reaſon's voice
" Calls the young pow'rs of action forth,
" Prompts him to chooſe, and founds his choice
" On plans of dignity and worth!

XI.

" Quo ritu id poſthac trepidabit pectus, acuta
" Quà poterit nimium gaudia lege pati,
" Mollis ubi ex iſtis labiis vox, juſſerit ipſum
" Salvere hunc, anno ſe renovante, diem?

XII.

" Quam rapidum trepida ad matris præcordia flumen
" Subſultans venis undique ſanguis aget,
" Quum puerum, luſus inter, ludendo videbit
" Ultro regales anticipare vices?

XIII.

" Impete quam molli gremium intremet hocce, parentes
" Quum referet felix indole filiolus?
" Quum ſimilem Ipſa patri agnoſcet, quodcunque peregit,
" Et ſimilem, quicquid ſenſerit, Ipſa ſibi?

XIV.

" Quid dicet, ratio cum mox urgebit ephebum
" Ire, decus juvenem quò juvenile vocat;
" Cum jam velle ſuum dabit; atque id velle docebit
" Quod dignum ſemper laude, bonumque decet?

XV.

" How will ſhe dread each vice ſhe ſees,
" Each gay temptation courts diſplay,
" The charms of pleaſure, grandeur, eaſe,
" The Snares that glitter to betray!

XVI.

" What bliſs will intercept her fear,
" Whene'er ſhe ſees her hero riſe,
" Tender to act, yet ſtill ſevere
" To ſcorn what virtue ſhould deſpiſe!

XVII.

" What genial warmth will raiſe her mind,
" When any purpoſe ſeems to ſay,
" He knows what ſervice to mankind
" The great muſt owe, the good muſt pay!

XVIII.

" When echo dwells upon his name,
" And gives it to the nations round,
" How will her heart enjoy th' acclaim,
" And beat and ſpring to ev'ry ſound!

XV.

" Quo perculſa metu vitia exhorreſcet ubique, et
" Aula quot incautis retia cunque ſtruit;
" Blanda voluptatis lenimina, mollitiemque,
" Et pompam, et quicquid corda nitendo capit!

XVI.

" Gaudia quanta brevi ſuccedent uſque timori,
" His quoties juvenis nobiliora petet;
" Rite animi lenis; ſed et integer aſpernari
" Omnia, quæ virtus deſpicienda putat!

XVII.

" Quam blandi inſurgent reginæ in mente calores
" Cum, de principibus quid ſciat ille, ſciet;
" Quid ſciat humano generi debere potentes;
" Quid generi humano ſolvere ſponte bonos!

XVIII.

" Cum nati nomen, veluti gaviſa morari,
" Echo iterum populis mox, iterumque dabit,
" Ut matri audito tumefient pectora plauſu!
" Ut ſalient cunctis, exilientque ſonis!"

XIX.

So ſpoke th' angelic ſpirit, and ceas'd—
And thus his fellow-guardian cry'd,
" By all theſe joys, and all increas'd
" The mother's fondneſs muſt be try'd.

XX.

" While forward through the coming year
" Maternal care her eye ſhall caſt,
" My younger boy that ſlumbers near,
" Will give her back again the paſt.

XXI.

" Will ſhew her ev'ry charm renew'd,
" Each native charm his brother bore:
" Or with peculiar pow'rs endu'd
" Awake a joy unfelt before.

XXII.

" That while the hopes her firſt-born gave
" Are crown'd by ev'ry future deed,
" Her equal love may ſee as brave,
" As dear a progeny ſucceed."

XIX.

Hæc puer angelicus ; nec plura — deinde reſolvit
Fraterna angelicus, quà ſtetit, ora puer.
" Digna hæc quæ moveant, dixit, ſed et hiſce, parentem
" Quæ deinceps moveant, ulteriora manent.

XX.

" Anxia dum genetrix primà de prole, futura,
" Mente, oculis, animo, tempora præripiet,
" Sopita hæc ſoboles, cui juxta ego pervigil adſum,
" Præteritos referet reſtituetque dies.

XXI.

" Ille decus, frater quo floruit, omne renatum
" Reginæ ante oculos mox poſiturus erit ;
" Vel propriâ charus dulcedine gaudia nondum
" Parta, nec in puero nota priore dabit.

XXII.

" Ut ſpem, dum ſenior ſummam exuperabit agendo,
" Atque novam hinc laudem quæret, et inde novam,
" Progeniem oſtendat ſpes altera junior, æquà
" Virtute, et merito matris amore parem."

XXIII.

Scarce had he ſpoke, when ſhouts and ſong
Claim'd in the queen her BRITAIN's part:
She heard—and tow'rd th' applauding throng
Turn'd all the fulneſs of her heart.

XXIII.

Vix ea fatus erat, cum feſtà voce vocavit
Reginam ad Britonas plurima turba ſuos;
Audiit; et converſa ſimul, quem corde fovebat,
Ardorem in populos protinus Illa tulit.

FACIES EST OMNIBUS UNA AT DIVERSA TAMEN.

COTTA, cliens Bacchi, cui tertia rite lagena
Conſuevit certà claudere lege diem,
Purpureà imprimis faciem lentigine tingit;
Mox naſo inſinuans ſe ruber humor ineſt;
Scintillat naſus, rutilatque, atque incalet, et ceu
Fervida fax liquido prorſus ab igne micat:
Interea ille animi lætus pingueſcit in horas;
Et vini ſenſim fit cadus ipſe ſui.
At COTTÆ conjux, quæ ſiccat ſola GENEVAM,
Quæ ſitit ut bibat, et combibit ut ſitiat,
Exhaurit cyathos, crebro et macreſcit ab hauſtu:
Nec minus huic liquido naſus ab igne micat;
Pallenteſque genas rubet inter, et ardet acutus,
Ceu viva in canas lapſa favilla nives.
Mente licet ſimili potet vir, potet et uxor,
Heu! quam diſſimili corpore, et ore bibunt!
Diſſimili quamvis et corpore, et ore bibatur,
Quam ſimili naſo ſemper uterque bibit!

NON TACITIS SENESCIMUS ANNIS.

LESBIA, dum cunas habitavit LESBIA, totam
Vagitu implevit, prava, proterva, domum:
LESBIA, virgineis aderat cum virgo choreis,
Nulli unquam, aut uſquam voce ſecunda fuit;
Fit ſponſa; et lites inter queſtuſque maritum
Enecat, æterno verba tenore rotans:
Jam vidua, in famulos ſævit famulaſque viciſſim;
Et gravis eſt pagi terror onuſque ſui:
Tandem, ubi non datur ire foras, et deſerit ædes
Quicunque integris auribus eſſe cupit,
Feliculam aſſiduà rixa et ſermone fatigat;
Et linguam, quoad eſt mobilis, uſque movet:
Quæ ſic conſenuit, partes clamoſa per omnes,
Quando annum huic tacitum præteriiſſe putas?

DIVERSORIUM.

FORTI, cui patria omne ſolum eſt, qui nuſquam et ubique
Integro pariter corde habitare poteſt,
Eſt omni in vico privato-publica villa,
Quo res cunque vocant, quà via cunque patet.
Hic homini cibus eſt; et equo ſua pabula; utrique
Hoſpitium proprium, ſtragula munda, quies.
Lis nulla eſt, vexat nemo prece, nemo querelà;
Jam mea, jamque tua eſt, quanquam aliena domus:
Nemo quis, aut cujas, vel quo proficiſceris, aut quà
Mente ades, aut remeas, progrederiſve rogat:
Vivitur ut viſum eſt; ventum eſt; diſceditur; ire
Si juvat, is; ſi vis forte manere, manes:
Non ſumptum aſſiduum res una atque altera poſcit;
Quicquid ſolvendum eſt chartula ſcripta monet;
Omnia cum pretio quod ſint ſi quis dolet, idem
Cum pretio quod ſint omnia lætus erit.

UNDE ABII REDEO.

BELLA inter ſylvæ prolem civilia, flores
Herbaſque et frutices, orta fuiſſe ferunt.
Plurima jam ROSA de ſuavi jactavit odore;
Jam genus aſſeruit, purpureumque decus;
Nec mora; nam VIOLA in dubiam venit æmula arenam;
Et genus illa ſuum fert, decus illa ſuum:
Inſequitur, quantam non fas numerare, caterva;
MYRTUS, OLIVA, SALIX, LILIA, CALTHA, SEGES.
Undique, lis, murmur, convitia, jurgia, rixæ,
Atque odia, haud ullà lege tacenda, ſtrepunt.
Viderat URTICA hæc, vicino enata fimeto;
Et vix, præ riſu, talia dicta dedit;
" Quis furor, O fratres, tanta in certamina traxit?
" Ortu, obituque pares, vos, ego, quiſque, ſumus!
" Protulit una dies ab eodem ſtercore, idemque in
" Stercus mox omnes auferet una dies."

RUDE INGENIUM.

FABULA ut exiret toto plaudenda theatro
Ancillæ recitat * Gallicus author opus.
Judicio, pluſquam critico diſcriminat illa;
Audit et inſulſos fronte ſevera modos;
Sin aliquid lepidum occurrat, dignumque cachinno,
Ridet, et argutum comprobat ore jocum:
Dum catus has captare vices, vultumque loquacem,
Perpolit haud dubiâ mente poeta ſales.
Zoile, cur fingis normas, animumque capacem
Opprimis, et vinclis addere vincla paras?
Quid natura velit, naturâ interprete docta,
Non deceptura lege docebit anus.

* Je me ſouviens, que MOLIERE m'a montrè auſſi pluſieurs fois, une vielle ſervante qu'il avoit chez lui, a qui il liſoit, diſoit il, quelquefois ſes comedies; et il m'aſſuroit, que lorſque des endroits de plaiſanterie ne l'avoient point frappée, il les corrigeoit; parce qui'l avoit pluſieurs fois eprouvè ſur ſon theatre, que ces endroits n'y reüſſiſſoient point. BOILEAU, *Reflexions Critiques.*

EQUITARE IN ARUNDINE LONGA.

SI quis, iter meditans, ſano cupit ire caballo,
Illi ego commendem fidus agaſo meum;
Stirpem ſubſignabo manu; genere ortus ab iſto eſt
Quod jugo in IDÆO conſenuiſſe ferunt;
Non calcaris eget, ſcuticæve, nec in ſalebroſas
Fert equitem curſu præcipitante vias;
Non opus eſt fabro; non optat ephippia; firmo
Stat pede, nec validum grande fatigat onus;
Non, ubi conſcendas, aliquot poſt millia paſſûm
Depoſcent nummos obvia clauſtra tuos;
Non, ubi deſcendas, concuſſos undique lumbos,
Flebis, nec laceram terga per ima cutem;
Non illi nebulo per diverſoria certos
(Ut mos eſt) vafrà ſubtrahet arte cibos;
Quin etiam ſubito nec veſtis ab imbre madeſcet,
Cærulus a ventis nec tibi naſus erit;
Quippe domi, quâcunque via eſt, eris egrediendo;
Progrediendo domi; regrediendo domi.

PERITURÆ PARCITE CHARTÆ.

GELLIO, qui ſibi me, triſti vocat omine, amicum,
Conſuta heu! miſerè ſcripta legenda dedit;
Legi, et conticui; neque amor damnare ſinebat,
Quæ nullà poterat lege probare pudor.
Protinus ingeminat verſus ille; et mihi cunctos
Commendat, Tragicos, Pindaricos, Elegos.
Deleo; ſed modicè, metuens offendere; jamque
Neſcio quam vaſto codice ſurgit Epos:
Impatiens tandem moliſque et carminis, irâ
Igneſco, et meritâ plurima labe noto;
Ebibit interea ingentes mea charta lituras,
Pagina queis infra, ſupra, et ubique madet;
GELLIO, ſi pergas, perü; decreſcit in horas,
Succida væ! mendis chartula noſtra tuis.
Si te, GELLIO, amas, ſi me, jam conſule utrique;
Parce tuæ chartæ, GELLIO, parce meæ.

RIDENTEM DICERE VERUM QUID VETAT?

"EJA agite! O! cives!" (medicastri exclamat agyrta;)
" Eja agite? En! vestris certa medela malis!
" Sive dolor mentes, seu morbus torserit artus,
" Hanc sequitur phialam non dubitanda quies."
Plebs ridet scurram; sed seria, vera loquentem;—
Mors sequitur;— mortem, non dubitanda quies.

VITÆ ME REDDE PRIORI.

ÆGROTAT SATANAS; cordi est tentare cucullum;
Nec mora; fit monachus, vestibus, ore, novis;
Convaluit SATANAS; piguit tentasse cucullum:
Nec mora; fit Dæmon, cornibus, ungue, suis;—
In dubio est, potiorne prior vel postera vita;
De SATANÀ MONACHUS, de MONACHOVE SATAN.

NATIO TRAGOEDA EST.

FELIS, ſi nutrix narravit vera, volebat
Unge rudi quondam ſollicitare fides:
Audivere procul mures; numeroſque canoros
Mirata in ſaltus natio tota ruit:
Stultè—quippe adeo comœda eſt ſubdola felis,
Ut mures tragicas cogat obire vices.

DICAM QUID SIS.

CONJUGII, ut clarà promulgat voce ſacerdos,
Fœdus inire volunt hic vir, et hæc mulier:
Si quid obeſt, ſi vir male dignus connubiali
Sit face, ſi mulier non bene digna toro,
Quiſnam is, quænam ea ſit, vel nunc, O conſcia profer
Lingua, vel æternùm, conſcia lingua, tace.

NIL MEDIUM.

SI monſtres coram RUTILO quæcunque domi ſunt,
" Sunt mihi," ait RUTILUS, " ſplendidiora domi ;"
Mutua ſin rogites RUTILUM, diverſa ſonabit
Vox RUTILI, " miſer eſt, debitor, Irus, inops."
Nemo, ſive aſtet locuples, ſive inſtet egenus,
Divite ditior eſt, paupere pauperior.

TECUM HABITA.

COMMUNES habuere olim (pueris bene nota
Fama volat) ſartor peddiculuſque lares ;
Bella inter geminos pluſquam civilia fratres
Sanguinis, heu ! nimium prodiga fata cient :
Jamque cutem ſartori invadit reptilis hoſtis ;
Jamque quatit meditans prælia ſartor acum ;
Diræ inſtant ſtrages ; niſi ſors bona dividat ædes
Sartorique ſuas, peddiculoque ſuas.

RERUM DISCOLOR USUS.

DÆMONEM in Europa ſiquis deſcripſerit, omne
Eſt nigrum; os, digiti, cornua, cauda, pedes;
Sin autem hunc ipſum Maurus vult ponere pictor,
Candidior nivibus ſplendet imago novis.
Diſcolor unde uſus? Quem ſcilicet odit uterque,
Reddere diſſimilem gaudet uterque ſibi.

CURRUS VEREDARIUS.

QUI cupis, (et quis non cupit?) ire, redire, tumultu
Expers, lite expers, ſollicitàque morà,
Huc ades! in promptu quadriga eſt — Ecce caballos!
En puerum ad ſolitas Automedonta vices!
Gaudia ſi ſolus cum ſolo carpere mavis,
Solus eris currus rex dominuſque tui:
Sin ſocium, aut ſociam cordi eſt admittere, currus
Idem vel ſocio dat, ſociæve locum:
Si poſcat ſtomachus quod edat, jentare parato,
Ad nutum, in vico quolibet, hoſpes adeſt;

Prandia ſi quæris, pranſuro porta patens eſt;
Et pandit ſubitas menſa referta dapes;
Pocula ſi libitum eſt poſitis ſuperaddere ferclis
Pocula deſumes qualia, quanta velis.
Millia poſt aliquot, ne te fortaſſe fatigent
Tædia, erunt puer, et currus, equique novi;
Altera poſt totidem rurſus mutabitur ordo,
Ceu tibi ab integro ſuſciperetur iter;
Ocyus interea tanto procedere certum eſt
Mutatus quanto ſæpius ordo fiet;
Ac tu felicem merito admiraberis artem
Quæ ſtadia ingeminat diminuitque viam.

SOLATIA FATI
CARTHAGO MARIUSQUE TULIT; PARITER-QUE JACENTES
IGNOVERE DEIS. LUCAN. L. 2.

VER erat; et matutino jam rore tenellam
Tinxerat aura roſam; quam juxta muſca volatu
Ludicra pendebat fluitans, et in aere circum
Mille recurſabat vicibus, revolubile ſignans
Per gyros iter, ut totos libaret odores.
Viderat incautam, longè, quà ſedula telam
De ramo in ramum ducens, conſedit Arachne;
Nec mora; fulta levis fili libramine pernix
Labitur, et prædæ furtim involat, et pede adunco
Corripit implicitam, atque eadem per fila reportat:
Vix nimbum citius Phœbo ſecat obvius ales,
Conſpectam, mediis ſi quando ab ovilibus, agnam
Surſum auferre juvat, nondum cuſtode remoto.
Continuo ingeminat, trepidè, et quà voce licebat,
Muſca preces; ſi quà flectat fera corda precando;
Et, "Parce O!" dixit; "non me tua retia contra

" (Quanquam id quantillum eſt?) tulerat temerarius error;
" Nedum Iræ hoſtiles: ſatis eſt hæc libera voto
" Aura meo; nec ſi fas ſit nocuiſſe, libido eſt:
" Quod ſi molirer tantos temerare labores,
" Reſpice quam tenues vires in corpore geſtem;
" Ecquid in exili eſt muſcà quod Aranea jure
" Formidet? Sum muſca, tuo non robore digna;
" Reſpue captivam de quà victoria nulla eſt.
" Mitte; fugam celerare jube; ſin cordi erit, iſto
" Ut procul a campo, irrevocabilis exul aberrem,
" Exul aberrabo; atque aliam mihi per nova quæram
" Arva roſam, ſi forte aliis roſa naſcitur arvis:
" Saltem hos tolle metus; ſaltem hæc jam vincla reſolve."
Talibus orantem, prædatrix aſpera dictis
Infrendet ſuper, et duro premit arctius ungue;
Nec dignata loqui eſt.
Jamque in lethalem ſe torva arrexerat ictum
Supplicis hauſtura exiguam cum ſanguine vitam;
Cum ſubità turbo cælum vi diffidit, ingens
Effundi raptim gravidis e nubibus humor
Cæpit, et inliſæ foliis et floribus undæ
Prona in humum crepitantia devolvêre fluenta.
Protinus, avulsà cum telà, pondere aquarum
Præceps fertur Arachne; atque unà muſcula, triſti

Muſcula danda neci, caſus quoſcunque ferat fors;
Quæ ſimul ut rapido revolutam gurgite, et ægrè
Jam conflictantem, ac moribundam aſpexerat hoſtem,
Ut potuit, pennas, veluti plauſura, madentes
Concutere enixa eſt, fatiſque ignovit acerbis —
Tum placidè ceſſit torrenti; Qui, magis uſque
Et magis exundans, multo jam vortice paſſim
Æſtuat accelerando; atque unà morte peremptas
Victricem et victam ſpumanti condit in alveo.

LABOR INEPTIARUM.

EST nebulo in triviis, erraticus hic et ubique,
Cui doctum lucro eſt exhibuiſſe canem:
Litterulas canis, et numeros diſtinguit, et horam, et
Dempta tuo e loculo lintea, dempta meo;
E pictis jubeas chartam decerpere chartis,
Chartula ad arbitrium prompta jubentis erit;
Porro, quæ matrona in connubialia ceſſit
Vincla, et quæ cupiat cedere virgo, monet;
Quis vel ametur ametve, et quæ vel amet vel ametur,
Arguto olfaciens omnia nare, notat:
Interea rumpunt ſpectantes guttura plauſu;
Et, "Quanta," exclamant, "cura docentis erat!"
O fatuum vulgus! Laus O præpoſtera!—Cura
Scilicet iſta canem non ſinit eſſe canem.

FIDES SOSPITA.

QUUM juſſu Eoi *, Calcottica in arce, tyranni
Captiva heu! ſubiit triſtia fata manus,
Et paſſim, furibunda ſiti, moribunda calore,
Corpora robuſtis ſuccubuere viris,
Fæmina languori, horrorique ſuperfuit; omnes,
Tam varie miſeras, fæmina paſſa vices.
Scilicet ante pedes, † ſpirantem extrema maritum
Viderat illa, pari membra datura neci;
Nec mora; proſiliunt oculis, quaſi fontibus, undæ,
Et ſubità humectant ora gementis aquà;
Hinc vita, unde dolor: neſcit ſitiendo perire,
Cui ſic dat lacrymas quas bibat ipſa fides.

* See Mr. Holwell's narative of the ſufferings of the Perſons who were confined in the priſon called the Black Hole, in Fort William, at Calcutta, in the kingdom of Bengal, 1756. "In the rank cloſe behind me was an officer of the ſhips, whoſe "name was Carey, and who behaved with great bravery during the ſiege. His "wife, a fine woman, though country born, would not quit him, but accompanied "him into the priſon, and was one who ſurvived."

† "He (Carey) laid himſelf down to die." Ibid.

EBRIETAS SOBRIA.

EST omni in plateà, cultu, vultu gravis, atque
Strenuè et intentè desidiosus homo;
Qui venit ad certam certo pede mane popinam;
Nec nisi post certum vespere tempus abit:
Prima coquo ante focum fundit libamina, quà dat
Semesas, prisco more, culina dapes:
Tum quid caupo novi audierit depostulat; et cum
Caupone alternà lege modoque bibit:
Hospita mox mensæ jubet hunc accumbere, crebris
Inque vicem hic cyathis hospitam avere jubet:
Instaurat regi calices, eccleſiæ, amicis;
Deinde tubus renovat pocula, pôcla tubum:
Sic omni sensim madefactus parte, nec unquam
Ebrius intereà, aut sobrius intereà,
Nunquam sopitus, nunquam vigil, existendo
Existit, stando stat, redeundo redit.

FINIS.

ERRORES TYPOGRAPHICI.

Page 5. ver. 9. pro *ſolidûm*, l. *ſolidum*.
P. 9. v. 1. pro *deſtinet* l. *diſtinet*.
P. 19. v. 7. pro *abſiit* l. *abſit*.
P. 23. v. 8. pro *dotet* l. *daret*.
P. 39. v. 3. pro *tunc* l. *tune*.
v. 4. pro *quos* l. *quas*.
P. 42. pro LYCY. l. LUCY.
P. 58. pro SHENSTON l. SHENSTONE.
P. 63. v. 11. pro *quod libet* l. *quodlibet*.
P. 65 v. 6. pro *noſtra*, l. *noſtro*.
P. 73. v. 6. pro *totas*, l. *totos*.
P. 95. v. 5. pro *infractus ſecluſam*, l. *anfractus ſecluſum*.
P. 121. v. 4. pro *victrix* l. *victrix*.
P. 124. v. 8. pro *were* l. *where*.
P. 126. v. pro *when* l. *where*.
P. 127. v. 15. pro *campeſceſne*, l. *compeſceſne*.
P. 145. v. 3. pro *agi* l. *egi*.
P. 151. v. 1. pro *tremuerunt*, l. *tumuerunt*.
P. 167. v. 6. pro *ſinc*, l. *ſine*.
P. 171. v. 2. pro *opeſque*; *vacat* l. *opeſque vacat*;
P. 211. v. 13. pro *Ut ſpem*, l. *Ut, ſpem*.